

The Innis Herald

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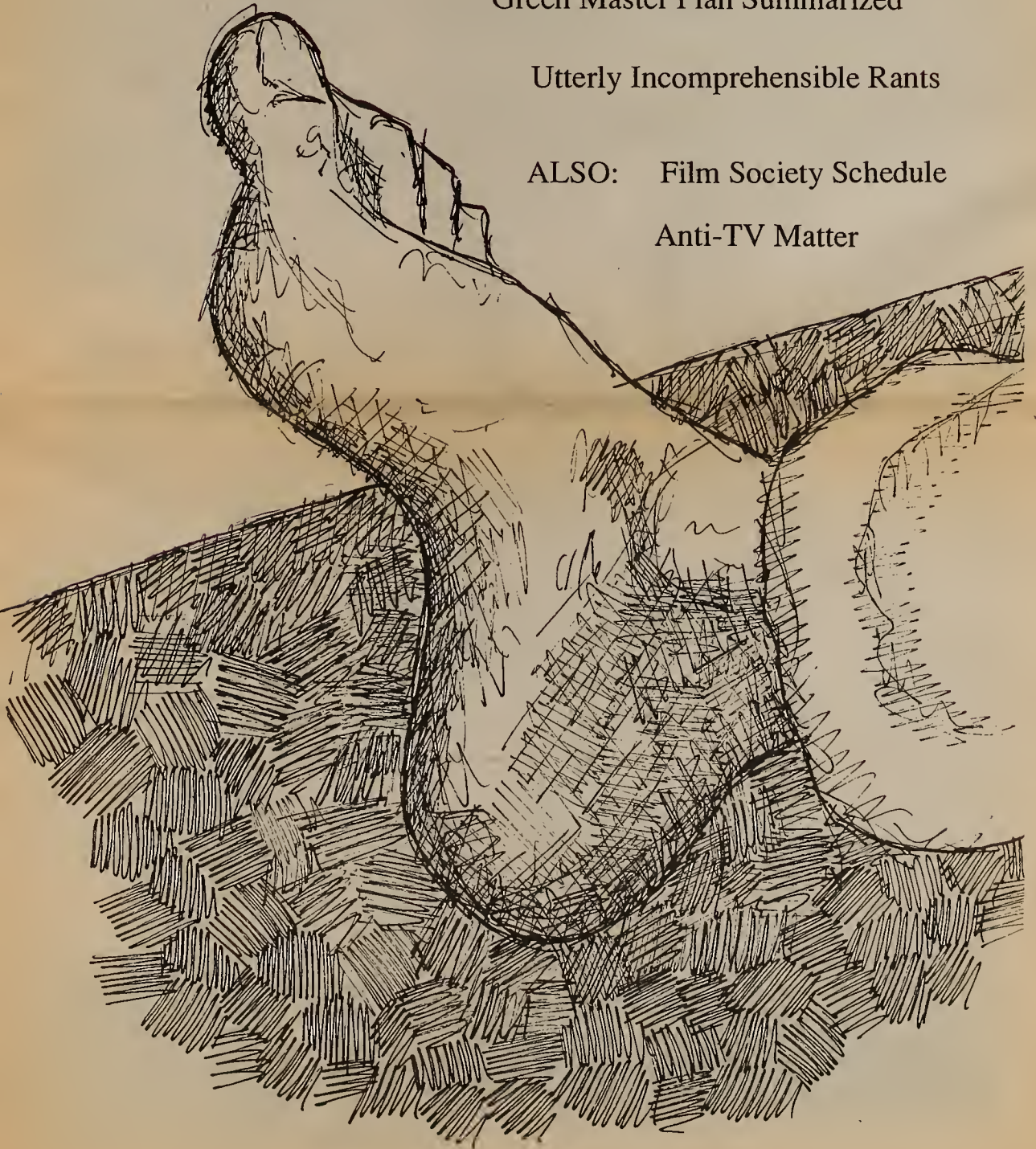
1990 In Review (A Little Late, But It's
Good Stuff Anyway)

Green Master Plan Summarized

Utterly Incomprehensible Rants

ALSO: Film Society Schedule

Anti-TV Matter





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"The most incredible person I've ever met is myself. There's a never-ending well of expression that is coming forth from me. My art is forever."

-Philip Michael Thomas
(Miami Vice)

At First I Was Depressed

It appears that I will be graduating this year. All evidence points in that direction, although there may yet be some unforeseeable hitch, like the discovery that I wrote the definition of "zeugma" on my hand for an English test back in second year -- that was four years ago for those who are not entirely familiar with my academic progress -- and that once (I tell you, only once) I didn't footnote one of my sources for a long and boring essay on the use of zeugma in a prominent poet's work. I cannot be any more specific about the details. Already I have a funny feeling that my clicking on this keypad is being recorded. I only hope that having eluded the authorities this long, I will safely graduate in peace.

And yet at the beginning of this academic year I was none too pleased about the prospect of packing up my protractor set and cleaning out my locker (carefully preserving the much fingered pictures of Shaun Cassidy and the Bay City Rollers). I was, to be honest (it's so embarrassing now to think of it), just a wee bit depressed over the prospect of walking away from the longest relationship (outside of my family) that I've ever managed to maintain. Sure, we've had our differences, but we've always patched them up. Like the time I wanted to keep this really excellent book on the pattern of baseball imagery in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (you'd be surprised), and Roberts wanted it back. We settled out of stacks.

There have been larger conflicts too, such as my experience with and subsequent attitude toward the role of T.A.s. While I recognize the value and necessity of T.A.s (I've had a couple of really good ones; I've also had some real stinkers), I question their ability to grade work in a fair and objective manner. I have received consistently lower grades from T.A.s than from professors. I don't believe this is because they are more "demanding" or "challenging" of the undergrad than too-far-removed profs, but because they have an unrealistic expectation of what an undergrad is capable of achieving. It may be that they are so close to their own (far superior) work that they transplant what is expected of them onto the undergrad, whereas profs are sufficiently far removed (and experienced) to be more realistic. Maybe my experience is completely atypical and I've just been unlucky. I do, however, currently have a T.A.

who made it fairly clear that there would be few or no A's given out by him (this was before we had handed any work in) because he also doesn't like to give out C's. No C's basically means no A's, since he'll have to hand in a low B average for our group at the end of the year. I don't enjoy being in a course where Large Pronouncements like this are made, especially when it promotes mediocrity and uniformity. I understand that he has an average to maintain, but I don't want to get dumped on in the process. It is wrong for an A student to suddenly become a B student for no acceptable reason.

Which brings me back to this graduating thing. I would truly like to lose this course (I know it's in Geography and patterns of land use, but I didn't think that "herding" would be its theme and practice), but then I'd have to go to summer school to finish up this year. Uck! I've really enjoyed summer courses in the past, but I would also like to have some time off before the M.A. business begins. For one thing, there are bound to be endless reruns on TV this summer that I can't really afford to pass by. If I'm in summer school and preparing for Grad school, how the hell am I supposed to catch up on all the stuff I've missed this year?

For example, has Doogie turned 12 yet? Have he and Vinnie managed to lose their collective virginities -- for god's sake it's not as if Doogie couldn't throw in a few Big Shot Doctor bucks for a sleazy night on the town with bodacious young wannabe actresses and a couple of grams of coke. But then again, what am I thinking? The Doogiebo's *a Bocheo* production. Oh, good good taste! Nice young boys! Somebody, wash my filthy mind out with ivory soap (it's 99 and 44/100 per cent pure).

And what about that most minor of TV fathers, *Major Dad*? Being a huge Gerald MacRaney fan from way back (forget about Jameson Parker, Mac was the sexiest *Simon*), and frequently modelling my life (and increasingly my physique) after the beautiful-and-talented Delta Burke, I feel a strange sense of obligation to become a *Major Dad* viewer. I understand the show could use my support. The only thing I know about it is this: Mac's tough on the outside but soft on the inside, and luckily for him the Gulf War probably doesn't even exist in his air-tight, germ free, zip-locked little TV world. I don't care if he

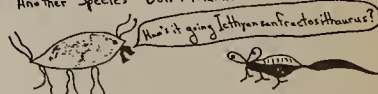
does walk around like he carries his bayonette up his ass, I love a man in a uniform with cute kids and a perky wife to boot.

I obviously have much work to do this summer, and I'm not the kind of person to shirk my responsibilities. When my Sony Blackstripe Trinitron calls, I answer. I get a beer and I get horizontal fast, snappy converter at hand. I seem to hear the call quite frequently, too. I think, for example, that I am the only person on the planet who regularly responds to it for *Kate & Allie* every night at 12. Why do I do this? It's a lame show. It has no redeeming nuttiness or fascinating support roles -- unless you count Chip, a truly appealing pipsqueak of a young lad who has grown up before my very beer glass. I always thought Susan Saint James was unutterably gorgeous back in her *McCloud* days (I was a very demanding 8 year old), and I guess I'm still hooked. But I'm off topic -- I won't be watching *Kate & Allie* during the summer because I've seen all the episodes several times. This editorial is about why it is I must stay in a rotten course so I can graduate in April so I can spend the summer in front of the tube, which will prepare me for Grad school. (I think my logic got a little screwy in there somewhere.)

So I am no longer depressed about graduating this year -- the problem now is that I want to drop a course which means I *won't* be flapping a black gown this summer. I am more than eager to leave U of T at this point, if only to disrupt the monotony of skipping classes and begging for extensions on essay after essay. I truly believe that Grad school will be a welcome relief from this drudge, for I will surely have to attend most classes and finish all my work on time. What a break! What a holiday from the grind of 11 a.m. wake-up calls and four hour coffee breaks between classes! This is why I am no longer depressed (despite that Geography class) -- I want to stop flogging the dog in such a continuous and outrageous manner. Grad school will allow me to replace the boredom of being able to do whatever I feel like with a mind- and soul-expanding rigid academic discipline. It's just what I've always wanted and it will allow me to drop the sham that I'm happy at those times when I am surrounded by beer-drinking pals in a location far from some dingy, stuffy, god-forsaken dungeon of a classroom in which a course that I seem to have enrolled in is taking place.

How to Win Friends and Influence Bugs

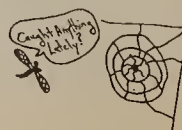
1) Always Mention Their Names When Greeting Another Species - Don't Mumble



2) Ask Questions



3) Talk About What the Other Insect Finds Interesting Even If You Consider it to be In Poor Taste.



4) Don't Mention the Obvious



5) Be Tactful



The Innis Herald

February, 1991: Volume 25, Issue 5

The paper that can hold its breath until it gets its way.

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Random Thoughts Editor: Mole
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Photograph: John Anderson



SOLD OUT TONIGHT
GOOD SEATS - THREE, FIVE AND SEVEN!
THE ANNUAL MUSICAL REVIEW
"SPRING THAW '57"
AVENUE THEATRE
ALSO SATON'S MAIN STORE AND ALL AGENCIES
Main Theatre 8:30 p.m., Sat. 6 p.m. 1:00, 2:30, 1:00, 1:30
Fri. 8:00 p.m., Sat. 2 p.m., 3:30, 6:00, 2:00, 1:30

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free of sexist, racist, agist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. In fact, the opinions expressed in this newspaper are attributable to absolutely nobody.

Fascist Editors

Dear Herald:

I've heard so many things about how the editors of campus papers turn into fascist monsters when the material presented to them does not fit their idea of what is decent and non-controversial. This is a sickening thing to have heard and also discouraging in the extreme. I had also understood that University would be a place where freedom of ideas should be unhindered, where the limits of thought and expression could be expanded and explored. Now I do understand that some editing is necessary, but the horror stories I've heard about the main campus papers have terrified me. I have had nightmares about mad fascist editors slashing submissions with ink-stained machetes... they were in a pile. A pile of little clippings... Naturally I wake up screaming. It seems to me that the problem here is judgement. Editors judge the work submitted to them and allow their personal grudges to get in the way when editing. I've heard you guys at the Herald aren't like this. Maybe I'll submit something to you. You have the right to edit me, but not the right to judge me.

Sincerely,
Walter E. Kurtz



Kael Wannabe

Dear Editor:

Your Steve Gravestock has really outdone himself now -- is the guy illiterate or what? He reviews two adaptations, *Bonfire of the Vanities* and *Last Exit to Brooklyn*... The former was a fuckin' best seller read by fuckin' everyone on the globe (Steve would probably say: "That's why I didn't read it") and the latter is one of the all-time hip underground classics. "Hard to find", wrote Steve. Hard to find? Step into a library sometime! Grove Press also reprinted this beat classic to coincide with the film's release. I'm mad 'cause Steve wears his stupidity like a badge of courage. His articles are consistently, defiantly superficial -- they offer half thought out viewpoints and I know for a fact that the guy doesn't rewrite. How post-mod, how cool. This Pauline Kael wannabe is, in a word, "tired", really fuckin' dead tired.

Ira Glick

Dear Ira:

It's good to hear from you. I haven't really spoken with you since you called me up and told me I was the best writer on film in all of Toronto and asked me to write for your paper. I knew we had our differences even then because you told me that the only other local writer you held in such high esteem worked for Metropolis. I can't remember whether it was Schlomo Schwartzberg or Denis Seguin, but I am familiar with their work. (When reviewing *Withnail and I* in a Festival issue, Schwartzberg attributed Hamlet's famous "What a Piece of Work is Man" speech to King Lear. And Seguin, when faced

with Caleb Deschanel's poetic Crusoe (based on Defoe), could only respond by comparing it to Gilligan's Island.)

By the way, you're right. I was being a little flippant about having not read the books you mentioned. I was also a little dishonest, since I did try to read Wolfe's novel but the prose was so lausy I couldn't get very far. I don't think knowledge of a best-seller, or a beat classic, constitutes a test of literacy, and I find it weird that you imply that I'm too snooty to read best-sellers, since I mainly review Hollywood films, which are even more mainstream than best-sellers.

About my refusal to rewrite: My current editor is constantly complaining about me leaving endless rewrites around the office [It's a fire hazard, Steve. -- Ed.].

Finally, you're also right about Pauline Kael. I do think she's a very good critic. However, I don't want to be her; I just want her job.

Here's to peace with honour in the Gulf and the end of all oppression as we know it.

Sincerely,
Steve



An Inquiring Mind

Dear Editor:

It's me, Young-Ha, the guy who wrote that diatribe-against-posers-conn-hero-worship-of-Jenny-Friedland which I gave you yesterday. If you have any comments or suggestions, please let me know, because I'm vain enough to relish any feedback -- constructive, critical or both. For example, was Ms. Friedland really away for a year (in Spain) from the Herald and from school as I assume she was? Another thing, are you guys friends? Also, I'd like to know if you keep back-issues and have them bound or ever plan to.

Anyway, I hope my article is an effort of some value to get you to the dentist.

Bye!
Y.C.

P.S. Are you related to Wayne Sumner (U of T's Chair of Philosophy)? He also went to Vic.

Dear Young-Ha:

You seem to be a man of many questions. As I am a woman of many answers (regarding all the important things, anyway), and as I have had no luck reaching you via the telephone, I thought I would abuse my Editor-ial privileges and respond to your queries in this most triumphant of campus forums.

Yes, Ms. Friedland was away in Spain for the 89/90 academic year. While she was most missed and occasionally home-sick, her personal development in the areas of social and cultural studies (and her resulting tan) more than made up for any sense of loss felt on either continent.

Regarding "feedback": Your article is precocious but not pretentious, honest but not self-serving, and utterly unposeurish (if I may lapse into French). In short, it reminds me of an invigorating little Bordeaux I once shared with an intimate ami in the French Riviera... that it accompanied cheese doodles and we drank it out of dixie cups has, I think, no relevance to my point here.

Yes, we-guys are friends (the Jenster and I), only since about grade two though. You are intimating that you can tell, via the Herald, that we may be connected. While I think there is certainly a difference in our papers, I can also see some similarities. For example, we both rely on our own

artistic personalities and a great deal of Molson Export in laying out each issue. The important difference in our styles is directly related to the amount of beer we are each capable of consuming. It would be indiscreet for me to further into detail (quantity is such a vulgar concern).

Yes, we have back issues of the Herald in the office. Are any bound? I have no idea. But they are here, all yellow and stuff. Come help yourself. Yes, I'm related to Wayne Sumner, the most Supreme Being, Gencrous Father and Awesome Intellect (who passes me cash when it's needed -- thanks dad) born of woman in this age or any. I have the utmost confidence that you share my view in this matter (minus the dad stuff).

Yes, your article will be of much assistance in getting me to the dentist -- I think god somebody out there cares about my teeth. It will definitely get me out of the house, perhaps even as far as the subway, but right to The Chair? I think not. It will take a little more effort on your part, young man, to fully accomplish the deed. I feel the need for another article, perhaps two, before you may fully benefit from my gleaming, sunshine smile. I'm asking you, please -- let me eat toffee again!

Your editor,
K.S.

Rightly Miffed

Dear Editor:

Is anyone ever in? When?

Signed,
Miffed

Dear Editor:

Could you please post office hours somewhere? (Do you have any?)

Signed,
Miffed-er,
but still calm

Hello Miffed. Just so you know -- We used to be in the office quite frequently, and many people dropped by (and many did not) and life was good and plentiful in those days. Then, it got cold outside and, coincidence of coincidences, the heating on the third floor completely broke, and after it was "fixed" it still didn't seem to work in the Herald office. I sat here a couple of days, but my toes turned white and I got bored staring at my breath, so I had to give up altogether. They say that the heating situation will soon improve (just in time for summer), so we should be more available. If you, or anybody else reading this, ever wants to get in touch with any of us and we're not here, just leave a note and a number and we'll do lunch. Preferably, such communiques will be affixed to electric heaters, mittens and thermoses of hot rum toddies. All donations are accepted.



Telly Wannabe

Dearest Editors:

Gosh dam, I really have nothing to say. Print my letter anyway, please. Okay? Who loves ya, babe? Who loves ya?

Yours Truly,
Johnny Vanderbilt

An Open Letter

To the President of CBS:

This new show of yours is really shit. The following is part of the show Verna copied down the other night so you know which one I'm talking about. We never caught the name of it but it's been on a lot.

The desert is empty and drab. A GI who looks as though he just stepped off the streets of L.A. rambles over and sits down in the shade. Shellfire can be heard in the distance. The Coke can in his hand is sweating in the heat. He takes off his khaki baseball cap and wipes his forehead absently before replacing the cap. The Coke bubbles out of the can when it is opened, sounding oddly loud. The soldier drinks, looks off towards the noise. After a moment he stares into the camera lens, then down at the can and speaks quietly and firmly: "You don't need to know where we are".

Well, like I said, it's shitty, but kind of interesting too. The guys and us got together the other night and figured out some things you could do to fix it up a bit if you want. If the writing looks a little girly-like it's because I got Verna to do it. She writes a little more easy to read than I do and wanted to put in some little touches here and there too. Here goes:

It's just like a long car ride when you're a kid. There's nothing to see and nobody tells you anything for real. It is pretty dumb to have all those little pieces every night. Why not put them together into an hour's worth and make it a series to show only once a week? If it was all together maybe somebody'd wake up and remember to put in a payoff at the end of every hour. Clint Eastwood does it all the time. A good wham-bang fistfight or something ties it all up at the end.

They're really doing it on the cheap too. I know there's a repression on, but you guys have got to have the money to at least buy some sets. It's all flat. And everything is the same colour and that's boring. Even Hogan's Heroes had better sets than you.

And there's no one guy in the middle of the action. That wouldn't matter if we were all communists making

movies where everybody is in the middle, but we're democratic here and everybody is important by himself. Well, on my block anyway.

Then you'd have to have a story, like the good war movies where buddies go out and slaughter some enemy, get drunk, shoot some enemy, get laid, murder some enemy, swap dirty jokes and blow up some enemy. It doesn't have to be in that order, but that's the guts of it.

There's another thing. There are no babes in this one. Where's Kathleen Turner? Where's Kim Basinger? Kim could be a tank instructor who gets it on with one of her students or another instructor or a medic or a tank driver or a doctor or anybody. Then he could go kill some enemy and get shot up or something and she could be upset for him. You can make it any way you want, but you can't leave out the girls no matter what.

Another thing. For one whole part, the camera never moved! I saw another part the other night and the picture was all blurry, and nothing moved at all ever. Nobody is going to watch a show where nothing ever moves. Your ratings will suck and nobody will advertise their stuff on your show.

Us, we'd rather watch a good football game or something. It's really dumb to have a show where you don't know who's winning every quarter. You don't even know how long it's going to go on for. If you have to do it this way, couldn't you show the scoreboard sometimes or tell TV Guide that somebody will win by the end of the season?

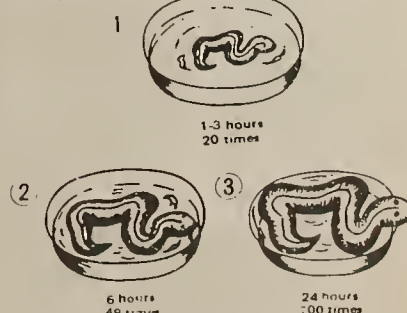
If you don't fix it up, us and the guys, maybe we won't watch it any more, and we won't watch it in the summer when the reruns come on. Besides, right now it's too much like another show we see some nights on NBC. You want to beat them out, don't you? We're with you all the way so that's why we wrote to you.

Yours truly,
Mick and Verna.

P.S. If you use our advice, we don't want any money for it, but it sure would be good to see our names on TV.

MAGIC EGG

Put the thing inside the Magic Egg into a clear water, it will be expanded slowly 1 - 3 hours, it will be expanded 20 times in the volume. 6 hours later, it will be expanded 48 times, and 24 hours later it will be expanded 100 times.



After taking Magic Egg out of the water, it will be shrunk slowly to the original size, for the repetition; it will be for observation and admiration of the swelling.

Caution:

1. The water and the container must be clean, and the alkaline or acid water shall be avoided.
2. The Magic Egg is not dangerous, nor harmful to one's health.
3. The Magic Egg is not edible.

Notes From The Curry House, Part One

Mole

Dearest Readers, this conversation was held on Sunday February something, 1991. It was done in a small room above a curry house of ill-repute over a period of two hours whilst listening to the following bands: Hawkwind, Venom, Youth of Today, Sore Throat and The Grateful Dead.

If you have any comments, suggestions, postulations, ejaculations etc., please feel free to write up lots of stuff this instant and drop it off to Room # 305, Innis College.

BLITZ: This is presently Hawkwind's latest album. It is a great album and everyone should go out and buy it. It's like everything Hawkwind has done, it treads that fine line between metal and psychedelic music. The funny thing about Hawkwind, though, is that they've been around for ever and ever and they've never made it over here. I mean, there's not even the cult status... you know, like usually a band does not stick around for twenty years on major or semi-major labels and become popular in Europe and England and not even achieve cult status here. They're not completely underground, it's strange. It's ridiculous. It's bizarre. Of course, all you guys out there can rectify this by all going out and buying their new album, *Space Bonids*.

MOLE: Yes. Did you hear that? Go out and buy the new Hawkwind album *right now damnit!* What's it called again?

B: *Space Bonids*.

M: Can I have one of your cigarettes please?

B: Oh yeah.

M: Anyway, oh yeah. I got this book from Robert's the other day, it's called *The Cyberiad* by Stanislaw Lem. It's a great book about these two "constructors" who build all sorts of very strange machines that do very strange things. For instance, this constructor builds a machine that can create anything beginning with the letter N. His friend tells it to do nothing, so parts of reality begin to become nothings. Lem's Polish, he's really weird. Reading anything interesting these days?

B: *Vois* by Philip K. Dick.

M: What's it about?

B: Well, it's Dick. Well, Philip K. Dick has this really strange vision that I can't quite explain as well as he does in his books. He's deeply paranoid, deeply into altered states of reality. Not the drug thing necessarily, but just exploring reality and doing strange things with time and space. *Vois*, I think, was his masterpiece — to my mind the best of his books and the most disturbing.

(Reel Two: The topic is Television as inherently evil and nasty thing)

M: Alright, Blitz on television. Well, not on television, he's going to talk about television. Okay? Right.

B: It's an inhumanly evil thing, I think... it's just a dangerous, evil thing, you know. The fact that there's the occasional good program makes it worse, even more dangerous. It's addictive, moronic and profoundly insulting to the intelligence. I mean, 99% of it is... It's a corrosive thing, it also reduces you to the level of spectator, it strips you of any interactive process... I mean, there's no identity...

M: Did you grow up in a house with a TV?

B: No. I mean kids have the most addictive personalities of anyone, that's why I feel like I do about television.

M: Yeah, it must be incredible the amount of shit kids absorb. A kid under four years old, I think, can learn thirty or so words a day, right?

B: That's right, that's right.

(The music begins to blur out the dialogue at this point. Hord to transcribe properly)

B: I mean, you can sit in front of a box for two or three hours and it turns your brain into...

M: Yeah, that's right.

B: It is not a good medium.

M: Actually, in *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* by Philip K. Dick, people stare into a box all the time for a religious experience...

B: To ignore TV is worse than anything because if you're sitting there not being affected by this media barrage, you're being trained to watch something and not care about it. That's ultimately a complete waste of time and totally nihilistic.

(Reel Three: The topic is Straight Edge punk and the music of the Twentieth Century as a whole)

M: What's this band? Is this Straight Edge?

B: We're listening to Youth of Today, one of the early straight edge bands. It has my vote for the band with most obnoxious lead singer.

M: What's this anti-drinking, anti-smoking slant of straight edge? A little conservative isn't it?

B: In a way, there's a strong element of traditional values in it, but it came out of the late 1970's punk scene where everyone was trying to be Sid Vicious. There was and still is that "I'm going to fuck myself up and die" kind of bullshit attitude. There's a lot of good straight edge bands, but there's also lots of bad ones. You know, really self-righteous, dogmatic ones. "I am straight edge. If you are not you are worthless scum."

(Very loud music, dialogue impossible to make out)

Actually, there's a band called Crucial Youth that are still around. I'm almost certain they're a joke but they claim they're not. They're into the brushing of teeth regularly. They're ultra-clean-cut. They are, of course, anti-drug, drinking, smoking and sex, but pro-flossing of teeth and totally against swearing. They said, "How could you bring our album home and play it for your mother?" Their songs have names

like, "If you Curse You're the Worst". Their slogan is "Be straight, don't be late, press your weight and don't masturbate."

I think in the 20th century, people will look back on it and will see that it produced the absolute best and the absolute worst music of human history. There's such beauty and such utter crap. With the increase in wealth people can afford to be artists and with the increase in technology to distribute it... I mean, you go from the absolute best like Coltrane and the Dead to, well, Venom and Sore Throat. I don't know much about modern classical and avant-garde stuff, but from what my roommate Keith says, it sounds like pretentious bullshit. It's a century of real contrasts.

M: Well yeah, like electronic music. I think Vangelis is a great musician, he can put soul and feeling into his music, but some electronic music is just cold shit that sounds like an old computer program.

B: Uh oh, Venom's going into one of their long, atmospheric jams.

M: Apparently they claim to have sucked on the blood of priests.

B: "We drink the blood of priests / And we hate Ed Meese." Venom's new hit single.

M: Or was is priest vomit?

B: "Censorship is wrong, and if you censor our records, we'll eat your daughter!"

M: AAAARRRRGGHHH!

B: Say, what do you think about this whole censorship debate? You know what really bugged me? The whole Day-Glo Abortions thing. They should have pressed charges against a band that was half-way decent...

M: I like one of their songs, something like "We don't need religious but-fucks anymore" or something like that.

B: The Day-Glos are just such an incredibly shitty band. I mean, get a good band... like the whole Dead Kennedy's thing...

M: With the art work by H.R. Geiger.

B: Yeah, the penis envy thing, and also the thing with the Shriners on the cover. But they didn't attack the lyrics. If they had attacked the Kennedy's I would have gone Right On! and I could defend them. But the Day-Glos are worthless shit. I don't support censorship, I just can't see why anyone would buy their albums or go to their shows.

M: The tape is almost up.

B: Let's think of some insightful... or insicifit... I mean insightful...

M: Yeah, that's the ticket.

B: Don't drink and drive while worshipping Satan.

M: To quote Zappa, "The crux of the biscuit is the apostrophe." If anyone knows what this means, please... anything else?

B: Innis cafe welcomes your tapes.

(Fin. If we can decipher the remaining half on hour or so of the interview, we'll print it next time. Until the next time, ciao.)

Vivid Green Shadows

Vivid green shadows float past caves glowing with inner incandescent light.
Sheer rock. A dead drop into velvet green far below
Blue shimmering sky brought to earth lies in the Bay.

A mantle of stars scattered on dark lake water.
The moon drowns with the heron's cry.
Rotting dockwood creaks.
The night path winds through deep green shadows
sparkling with cottage lights to the house with
a bell tower and Bell.

Loretta Johnson

A Painted Expression

A brooding mist lurches stealthily,
It enters and exits leaving me contemplative,
An alien state-of-mind has chosen me as its owner.

A zone of emptiness sways in lethargically,
Timelessness corrodes all that holds me together,
Inertia vacuously transcends movement.

Atoms and molecules remain bonded to create what I am,
Yet my inner being floats unstably as if in space.

I am a stranger to myself but I feel all that I am.
I continue to exist yet I feel removed from existence.

Shehna Jabbar

Extremism And Ignorance: Positions On The War

Stephen Barber

So we are at war. Observing the journalistic methods in the press around Toronto over the last several months has been a lesson in extremism and ignorance. On one hand we have a certain, unnamed, Toronto paper with a distinctly "redneck" opinion. Reading in both the columns and editorials I have, not directly but because of my participation in various protests outside the U.S. Consulate, been called a coward, a traitor and a "peacenik". On the other hand we have several student and socialist papers that are continually calling for an unqualified withdrawal of U.S. troops from the Middle East. In the presence of the horror of war it seems that the general population has lost most of its ability for sensible debate. I do not know which is the scariest scenario -- blind acceptance of government policies or the total denial of the possible necessity of using military force.

Saddam Hussein is responsible for many human rights abuses, and in no way do I support his military annexation of Kuwait. However, the United States and Canada have both supplied this former assassin with the weapons he has used to kill both Iraqis and Iraqis during the war with Iran. It would seem that the U.S. and Canada and many other participants in the U.N. force are taking a somewhat hypocritical stance when they spout "humanitarian" reasons for their military presence. It is undeniable that the driving factor behind the operation "Desert Storm" is an economic one. The industrialized nations of the west would grind to a halt if the flow of precious (and destructive) oil were halted. This is not to say that military presence could not be justified morally. The presence of force to prevent further military aggression by Iraq would

seem almost mandatory, if and only if diplomatic solutions were fully pursued. As it stands, the United Nations forces, led by the United States, have demonstrated a total disregard for human life by leaping into a war a scant five months after the trade embargo was initiated. If the reasons for the U.S. involvement were truly moral, the U.S. would have attempted to exhaust all possible diplomatic solutions before initiating a retaliatory strike. This would include allowing the sanctions to continue for at least the eighteen months that economic experts stated would be necessary before any noticeable effects occurred. This would be costly, but the possible prevention of the mass destruction of people and property would justify any such decision. Only the failure of diplomatic attempts to force Saddam Hussein out of Kuwait or human rights abuses and experiments akin to those of the Nazi camps would justify the conversion from Desert Shield to Desert Storm.

I believe that those of us concerned with peace should be attempting to show the true motivations of the U.N. forces and put forth an alternate plan of action that accepts the necessity of halting unprovoked aggression and human rights abuses, but also demonstrates the knowledge of the horrors of war and the necessity of using military means as a LAST resort. Nothing is achieved by chanting "No Blood For Oil" and waving signs. True change can only occur through debate and the exchange of ideas. This is why I am going to continue to attend demonstrations armed not with a catchy sign or slogan, but with a well thought out moral stance and the ability to debate it with those who would argue either for a total withdrawal or for unilateral support for the U.N.



WELL I TOLD YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU DIDN'T
QUIT EATING THEM DAMN CHERRY PITS.

Reading Week ... Not

Jenny Friedland

To hell with T.S. Eliot, I have decided that February is the cruelest month. And it's not just the weather that makes it so. In fact, I would suggest that the weather accounts for very little of my present discomfort. After all, I have my Eddie Bauer silk long underwear. I can cope with the weather. (Although Grandma, on the other hand, couldn't find a pair on sale and was obliged to go to Miami for the month). No, for me February is cruel and annoying, not to mention a little deceptive, and even somewhat inconsiderate for two simple reasons: 1) Valentine's Day; and 2) Reading Week.

Surely I jest, you say. And I say, please, don't call me Shirley. And furthermore, no I jest not. Of course, regarding Valentine's Day I am necessarily more than just a little bitter since in all my twenty-four years I've only ever received Valentines from my parents and once, in grade nine, some flowers from a guy who's now in jail. But honestly, is this a fair holiday? Then again, if I didn't think that Garry Shandling was still going to propose to me maybe I'd be more inclined start dating. After all, can I really expect Valentines when all my romantic encounters take place in my own head? Oh well, don't worry about me. At least this year I received a box of M&Ms from my brother. But he wrote "To Big Ethel, From Jughead" on them and whether that would suggest that one day I'll get my man or that I really am a

perpetual loser is tough to decide.

Then, as if Valentine's Day isn't enough to fill me with angst and despair, a few days later it's Reading Week and I am at a loss over how this should be interpreted. Is this a vacation? Or is it school sans classes? Of course I know that it's not supposed to be a vacation -- it is, after all, called Reading Week and not Sit Around Like a Degenerate, Drink Wine and Watch TV Week -- but I find that there are so many weeks during the rest of the year when classes are on and I'm not in them, that I cannot understand this week's special designation if it's not really a vacation in disguise.

Here's what I have discovered: The only way to avoid the unnerving question of should I study or should I loaf? is to go away. After all, one is not expected to do schoolwork while tanning. But I made the mistake this year of not going away and found that Reading Week, when spent at all near Roberts Library, is very difficult to enjoy. Luckily, however, my parents had gone away and left me to look after their dog. This allowed me to move from where I live downtown (too close to campus) to where they live uptown (far enough from campus to pretend it's not there). It was no Jamaican beach, I assure you, but at least there was a liquor cabinet so it was a little like going away. (The fact that all they had in this cabinet was assorted vintages of Manischewitz kosher wine was a difficulty easily overcome by about the fifth glass.)

So I spent Reading Week with my dog whose name is Skipper Dee. He is a beagle who once ate a loaf of challah and is consequently rather large. He also grunts like a pig. When we went to the video store to see if *Turner and Hooch Part Two* was available, people made fun of him. That's when we discovered the joy of following people home and crapping on their lawn.

Oh, we had fun Skipper and I, but it didn't last. Reading Week ended, my parents came home, and I find myself now in the most frightening of circumstances. It seems that there are only six more weeks of school and I have upwards of a billion essays to write. Does this mean that I should actually have done schoolwork during Reading Week? I find that rather hard to believe.

But you see how it all comes to pass, no? February rolls in and you think: two more months of school, no problem, lots of time and maybe even a Valentine from Garry Shandling ... not. Then, Reading Week happens, and if there's anybody out there who is not entirely boring but that actually did some school work during that week then I'll get another tattoo. And when Reading Week is over, heck, it's already March and too late even to drop your courses. I ask you, can it get much worse? I think not. And thus, after equal amounts of deliberation and Manischewitz, I do hereby conclude that February is the month that most pulls down our pants and taunts us. Amen.



I'm Number One

Vitek Roszuk

Everything started at the party. It was nothing special -- good music, free beer, couple of guys who drank too much and acted like idiots, couple of gals doing the same. In the corners of a room little discussion groups went through every imaginable subject and a truck load of bad party jokes.

One of these little groups did not really fit into the picture. They were too sober, too serious, their discussion went beyond the usual party chatter and started to look more like a philosophical debate.

"But you're not from the University!", said one of the girls taking part in the discussion. Her remark was directed at another participant, who just finished explaining some finer points of exist-entism. Everybody's eyes were now on this poor guy, whose only fault in life was his not taking any courses at U of T. The guy just looked at her and smiled politely, obviously puzzled at her remark. Then he understood.

University is a closed environment. Students inside, like members of any isolated group, tend to have a rather high opinion of themselves and their intellectual capabilities. (There's only one other group aside from students with the same superiority attitude -- U.S. Marines.)

Why this attitude thrives is not really important, although on the other hand someone might write a paper on it and get a diploma out of it! Patient observers of human behaviour will find without many difficulties that many of the students go to the University to get this sort of attitude so they can look down upon their fellow human beings and feel generally happy about themselves.

At this point, some other classes of students should also be mentioned. There are the ones who come here to find spouses or just to get a diploma for future big bucks.

It is sad. The fact that this institution of higher learning quickly



The Odyssey: From Brindisi To Athens

Pheroze Jeejeebhoy

With only eight weeks left in the regular school year, I am sure that there are a number of adventurous souls who are planning their summer travels. It doesn't matter if you are headed to Wawa or Siberia, the fun is in the journey. I know there are a lot of ritual rebellions who are planning a trip to Europe, and there is definitely lots of "fun" to be found on this trip. But the highlight of the student's excursion to Europe is the boat trip from Brindisi to Athens. I don't believe one word sums it up, but "odyssey" springs to mind.

The odyssey begins in Brindisi, a diminutive port town whose main attractions are the boat you have a ticket for and the intense heat. The main road runs from the train station to the docks, and it is lined with countless restaurants boasting multilingual waiters. It is important to allow yourself to be roped into one of these restaurants. The cuisine in this Mediterranean hick town is like none other found in Europe. In fact, it is probably only rivaled by the Hojo's next to the Holiday Inn in Buffalo, which makes it essential to get a seat that gives you a view of the best show in town -- the traffic. If it wasn't real, it would be the best farce ever. The main road is divided, like all roads, into two equal parts to facilitate the easy movement of traffic in both directions. The lanes, however, appear to be there only to inform the tourist that it is indeed a road; the inhabitants have as much regard for the lanes as we oo for our Prime Minister.

The bored youth of Brindisi pile on their little scooters like Keystone cops and parade up and down the main street. When a desirable member of the opposite sex is spotted, they emit the Brindisi mating call: the driver toots the horn on his scooter, a sound not unlike the dying cry of a duck with stup

thorax. I found the reversal of roles interesting. In Canada, it is generally the poor guy in the back seat of a two-door sports car that vocalizes his lust. In Brindisi, the driver concentrates on the pedestrians while the passenger glares wide-eyed at the crowded road.

The boat will be ready to leave about half a day after you are, and in a herd of sunburnt cattle, devoted worshippers from the world over, you will be corralled onto the ship. The Eurail Pass gives you free passage to the deck level. By the time you have found a place to put your backpack and roll out your sleeping bag, darkness will be spreading like Lantocaine. You will find yourself surrounded by people who are concerned with only one thing -- alcohol -- and you will inevitably find a group of people who will be your drinking companions for the next twelve hours. Believe me, this is not the time to be reclusive. My travelling companion, Bear, and I found ourselves drinking copious amounts of booze with alcoholics from South Africa, Texas, Norway and Brazil. After a few drinks, the place is a veritable tinderbox of political thought. Eventually, however, the boat seems to move a lot more than you desire, and it is time to pass out.

The major problem with the Mediterranean sun is that it is a very jealous lover. When mother earth turns her head towards the man in the moon, the sun pouts. I awoke at 4 a.m. wondering if ouzo hadn't convinced the Captain to sail via the North Pole. I lay in my venerable, super-slim, light weight sleeping bag, shivering my ass off. I had visions of a major catastrophe: the errant boat, and her comatose Captain, find themselves talking business with an unfriendly iceberg. A hole is ripped in the boat, and her intoxicated cargo spews into the frigid ocean. The ridiculously high

alcohol levels in the veins of the merry hikers is sufficient to damage this ecologically sensitive area, and the fishing industry is ruined by the erratic movements of intoxicated sea life! Anyway, it was cold enough to seriously threaten my reproductive capacity. Sleep finally crawled into bed with me, but it wasn't long before the sun was courting again. As the temperature strode up to new heights, sleeping bags were rapidly changed to bathing suits.

Being frugal adventurers, we ignored the sale of bus tickets for the ride from the port Patras to Athens; ah, the silly things we do when we're young. The Greeks, evidently following the example of the Almighty, deemed it prudent to plunge us into hell before delivering us to heaven. The train that clattered into the station was as small as it was primitive. The rusted shell screeched to a halt, and was immediately filled to capacity. Bear and I decided to cut from the rest, so we bid a stunned farewell to our friends (I think it was them -- they all looked alike with their faces pressed against the train windows).

We trudged to a restaurant across the street. By the time the next train pulled in at 2 a.m., Bear and I had met three people from Arizona and two from Canada. Actually, Europe is inundated with Canadians and they are easily identifiable as they all wear Canadian flags so that they won't be mistaken for Americans. But these two that we met in the restaurant were the first we really socialized with. Their superior intelligence was obvious -- they were graduates of the Canadian School of Omniscience, and they had done, seen and both ~~possessed~~ ^{possessed} everything -- making the critical skills to analyze the topic (how the media to portray the war) led to the most unproductive forum that either of us attended this year.

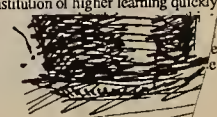
Getting back to the fashion motive behind the politically correct people on campus, I realized that

that it would ruin my hearing. The three from Arizona, Bear, and I drank the bottle. The two other Canadians didn't want to mar their highly tuned intelligence, so they abstained. Ouzo didn't affect my hearing, but after drinking something so foul everything else is as sweet as maple sugar.

After fighting a pitched battle with a group of commando cockroaches for possession of our knapsacks, we boarded the hell train. The largest Arizonian, Joe, got into the same compartment as us but the two Canadians, Opelia and Lydia, had a better plan, and they guided the other two Arizonians into another car. The train was skillfully decorated with a smattering of potted Greeks, each of whom sprouted attitude. The car was filled with the smoke of those bits of rolled road tar they call cigarettes. A strangely pleasant cacophony churned the yellow air. Someone in the bar was bellowing like a castrated pig, but his singing seemed to blend well with the rusted rattling of the train. I never found this quaint environment comfortable enough to sleep, but Joe did: I have never heard anyone curse so violently in their sleep as he.

When we finally arrived in Athens, we rambled around the city like a tail in search of a head. Finally, Bear and I abandoned the Arizonians to the mercy of the Canadian bureaucratic contingent, and we headed in the opposite direction. We saw them again in an Athenian market a few days later. The two Canadians and I discussed Meech Lake, and I told them where to find some good dessert. Joe wept on Bear's shoulder; he was obviously sick of his group. When we left the soundscape of the rink ruyu album *The Wall*, that ends with these lines:

The bleeding hearts and the artists
Make their stand
And when they've given you
... their all
Some stagger and falter after all



Bogus People And The Return Of Jenny Friedland

Young-Ha Cho

Studying philosophy at the University of Toronto makes me wonder if anyone who is good at anything else ever decides to become a philosopher anymore -- or, for that matter, if anyone does anything nowadays for any other reason than that it is really all that he or she is capable of ever doing well.

Anyway, I wonder at this because of the large number of philosophy students who hardly know, and especially, refuse to learn, something about ANYTHING other than the history of philosophy (a history intimately connected with a few other pertinent histories) and maybe their favourite alternative rock band. When I mention something like, say, mathematics, more than a few shrug and say they never were and will never need to be good at mechanical calculation ("I'm not good with numbers."). Well, I say, maths- mathe- maticians aren't exactly accountants (not all of them, anyway). I don't think they're WORTH any more than accountants; it's just that mathematical abstraction is an altogether different (but not necessarily more difficult -- certainly not more complicated) thing.

It makes me wonder because of the number of upper year undergraduates who speak as if ordinary language philosophy or analytic philosophy or phenomenology or critical theory were the latest thing and as if Wittgenstein or Quine or Davidson or Heidegger or Habermas were names which have only yesterday come to the forefront of current philosophy.

It makes me wonder at the looks people receive from the properly costumed and appropriately underdressed or otherwise contrived intellectual for caring about such bourgeois things as hygiene and general cleanliness and for admitting that not everyone always has the leisure to wax philosophical, and not everyone can afford to pass up the security of a Commerce degree -- if indeed it really offers any.

Maybe I'm way off and my sample size has been much too small, but it really bugs me that so many reasonably intelligent people that I for one have come across are still so presumptuous as to think that

because, for instance, I am oriental but do not wear the right kind of glasses, or am a guy but do not let my hair grow to the length of my arms, or am a university student but do not always wear clothing older than my mother, or enjoy music but do not proclaim to have been a Velvet Underground fan all my life, or am a human being but did not publicly mourn the death of Samuel Beckett, I must be in either Commerce or Computer Science or Physics or "Pre-Med" or another one of those much too practical programmes.

Surely no one believes that ALL students in those fields are adventurous in any way (admittedly, few of them are), and maybe it really is my fault for running into so many insecure "thinkers" who seem so intent on expressing their contempt for anyone who won't always put their conscience on display. I get the distinct feeling, though, that if I am guilty I'm not alone.

As at least one of the above philosophers has said, there are those who worry about having been right and those who worry if they ever are or will be. I hope that I'm among the latter -- I know I wouldn't be the only one -- and that many more share this hope, either now or later.

I know in the end it's not anyone's loss but their own that so many students in general (and not just would-be philosophers) are so inclined to proclaim the name of each Great Thinker or Artist they have newly encountered as if they're the first ones to bring such good news to the ignorant masses of the world; and I guess I just wanted to say how dismal it keeps getting with each pretentious twit I encounter. The next person with that "bohemian" look who also thinks that the various fields of logic, for example, are too technical and boring to ever take a second look at will be on the receiving end of a pleasant volley of regurgitated and not necessarily vegetarian pizza.

It isn't that I'm against people who choose not to shop at Holt Renfrew -- only that I'm tired of those who think that clothes without any holes in them can never be on a person with a conscience, and also of those who think their pursuits to be any less trivial than average. I used to

hope that in university people would finally break through surfaces and give one's mind a chance, but alas....

All this brings me to Innis College. Though outwardly one may find it tricky at first to tell the difference between the average Philosophy Specialist and the average Innis student (and a few undoubtedly wear both distinctions with some pride), judging from what I see going on in the Herald, the probability of an Innis student being a "Horrendous Bogosity" seems to approach zero much better than usual. But are Heraldians truly representative of the entire Innis community? (Certainly Innis has its share of (esp. film) groupies.) Indeed do they themselves practice what they preach?

I thank God nevertheless for places like Innis (possibly the only college around where one would never be judged by appearance only and also where people care about learning for reasons other than showing off), and would like at this time to announce my plans to defect to Innis from one of the Big Four bastions of stuffiness and complacency -- that is, as soon as I'm off academic probation.

And now I'd like to take the opportunity to hail the return of the great Jenny Friedland this year to the pages of the Herald after what seemed an interminable leave of absence. I haven't yet had the pleasure to make her acquaintance but feel nonetheless that I've known her as a personal friend for many years (3) and look back gladly to the days when I was new to this cold, harsh world of narrow minded academics but could always take comfort in the editorial columns of the Herald or in another hilarious Epistle to Mother Friedland. She seems the epitome of the unpretentious intellect, and I'm happy to see that her kind is not so rare as once appeared, because I think the current editor makes a fine successor in a line of distinguished guiding spirits.

Thank Goodness for this little sanctuary called the Innis Herald and may it live forever and may Ms. Friedland never graduate. (Only kidding.) ...Now if they could only get Tim Long (ie. of the Varsity) to overcome his aversion toward the increasing number of posers who hang around Innis and convince him to write for the Herald next year...

World War Number Three

John Lash

The tragedy of the Gulf War is not in the inevitable battle between the forces of "good and evil", nor does it lie in the necessity to defend territorial boundaries. The tragedy of this war, as with the past two world conflicts, lies in humankind's refusal to learn from history and in humankind's unwillingness to transcend a natural disposition towards greed and intolerance. It is a tragedy that could have been averted.

The germs of this conflict were bred many years before January 15th, 1991. This date was merely opening night for a play conceived, written and rehearsed for years by nations who ignore the disastrous consequences of their actions. France, Germany, China, Russia and the United States of America were the major contributing countries who supplied Iraq with the ordinance and the technical training to wage this war. Iraq, having failed to succeed in a lengthy war with Iran, chose to turn upon its "benefactors" in an effort to conceal its inability to support its war debt

from the Iraq/Iran conflict. One need not look far to see the results of a munitions-based economy: Russia has almost bankrupted itself in an effort to win the arms race with the United States; the once thriving country of Lebanon now lies in ruins; and even the United States faces economic crises for its part in the arms race. As long as we choose to ignore the lessons of the past, we must move closer to the predicted Armageddon.

What then is the solution? There is little to be gained in protesting a war once it has started. The best course of action is to get it over with as soon as possible. Anti-war protests should -- no, must -- be directed against not only the trading but the manufacturing of munitions of war. Countries continuing to provide belligerents with weapons of mass destruction should face global embargo. Economic aid to third world countries must be limited to the necessities for sustaining life -- not eliminating it. The time for protest is *before* war becomes inevitable.

Confessions Of A Peacenik

Kate Baggott

- 23 January, 1991. The war is only a week old. I have just attended and abandoned my second meeting of the Toronto Coalition for Troops Out of the Gulf. I feel guilty, and yet I'm angry. Local activists for all causes have just spent over half an hour arguing about the speakers list for next Saturday's rally.

Saddam Hussein has just bombed Tel Aviv again and set an oil field on fire. I have been forced to defend my anti-war, non-violent convictions to the absolute limit -- and that's only to satisfy my own inner conflicts. Going to the meeting has not encouraged my belief that peace will ever be possible again.

It has been the style of Toronto protests to link the Gulf War to crises within other issues such as Oka, Central America and feminism. Can we really only have peace if the senate doesn't pass a new abortion law? Will a new abortion law get troops out of the Gulf? It is true that racism is at the heart of this war, but racism is at the heart of every war on both sides.

What was so magical about January 15th? Sanctions work -- look at South Africa. Were they given time to work in Iraq? I didn't think so. I phoned my M.P., the Prime Minister's office and protested with thousands of other people until two in the morning. The next day the U.S. bombed Iraq. I protested again. Then, I went to Ottawa.

The Alliance for Nonviolent Action (ANVA) had planned a blockade of the External Affairs building for January 20. I was so frustrated with my government I decided civil disobedience was the way to go. During the five hour bus ride to Ottawa, the only thing going through my head was two lines from a R.E.M. song, "I'm very scared for this world. I'm very scared for me."

Three hundred people from Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Guelph, Waterloo and Peterborough gathered in an Ottawa church centre. We underwent nonviolence training, signed our arrest support forms, and discussed the next day's scenario. By seven o'clock the next morning, we were blocking workers from the External Affairs building. We urged them to work a day for peace. We asked our government to listen in an unignorable way, but we were ignored.

The police were told not to arrest anyone but to get workers into the building. The police officer that we had been joking with earlier now started using any means of force to

get workers past our barricade. Everyone had a job to do -- protestors to close the building, police to keep it open, even if it meant pulling hair, twisting arms or kicking. We succeeded in closing the building for four and half hours in minus twenty-seven degrees Celsius. I felt it was the right thing to do.

The day after the Ottawa action, Saddam Hussein set an oil field on fire and the allies continued their relentless bombing. I took a day off from protesting. I had to think. War escalates, the rules of the game are broken, people die!

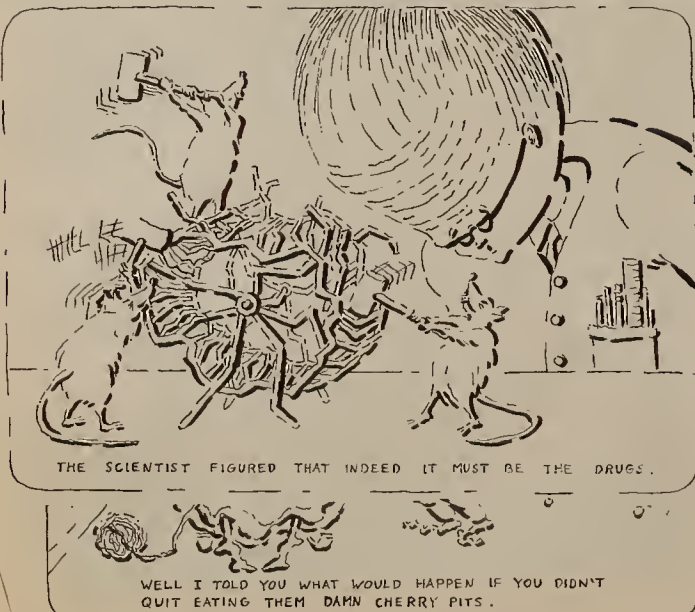
Iraq will be bombed into submission. It might take ten years, but Iraqis are used to war and the U.S. has a lot of bombs. When Iraq is evicted from Kuwait the people will still be led by a dictator and human rights violations will probably continue. When this war is over the Palestine question will not have an answer. When this war is over, Canadians will still have to deal with national unity, our country's future, and pay the fucking G.S.T.

I do not support Iraq in this war, but I cannot accept the actions of the United Nations. I have studied dozens of countries where violence is a part of daily life and human rights are ignored, and the United Nations does not use force in these countries.

I see business people trading oil on the floor of stock exchanges. War is a lucrative business -- just ask Litton Industries in Rexdale. A demonstration there landed eleven of us in jail and a trial somewhere in the bureaucratic backlog. People will grow richer as more people die in this war. We have all watched American foreign policy dictate the destinies of Middle-Eastern countries for years. It is also time the media realized we know that there are people underneath those exploding American bombs. This is not a war between soldiers.

I remember how the Indian people evicted the British Raj. I have seen Amnesty and Peace Brigades International celebrate small victories for humanity due to the power of the pen. I look at the student memorial next to Hart House; there is no room for more names. I know war is no solution.

As an aside: if SAC and the G.S.U. do not take action against the Gulf War soon, they are going to have to invest in another memorial -- but there will be fewer student fees to pay for it.



Some People Should Be Shot Immediately

Sisyphus

Sorry about the blunt and abrupt title, but I'm not feeling very poetic at the moment. In fact, I'm not feeling very poetic at all. Feeling poetic is decidedly not on the order of the day, or the rest of the week for that matter. The only thing I feel like being right now is cynical and nasty. Well, now that I think of it, I don't really want to be all that cynical. Just nasty. Why? Well why the fuck not??

I was sitting in a tutorial the other day (yes, I actually went to one, and yes, it was one of mine -- I'm not the kind of freak who goes around campus and quite uninvitedly sits in on other people's tutorials you know) and it was absolutely ghastly. I was suddenly and sickeningly reminded of why I always avoid them and thus quite willingly forego a good 10-15% of my final grade in the course. Despite my best efforts to "participate" in the group setting, I was quite unable to take part in the very nauseating debacle that was quite inappropriately called "tutorial discussion". Indeed, as the whole wretched affair progressed, I more and more began to believe that should I open my mouth, the contents of my stomach would pour out in sheer disgust, and as I firmly believe that projectile vomiting is not usually classified as "acceptable tutorial participation", I sat and quietly endured, again. I could not handle listening to group of self-important prats all babbling to show what good little intellectual students they are by discussing absolutely nothing of any great relevance or of any great importance at tediously great lengths, using a good

number of words they'd probably picked up from PBS over the weekend (or maybe from one of the many pretentious back issues of the Varg they no doubt have stashed under their pillows and mattresses). The whole sad point is that I would have had more intellectual stimulation from discussing the importance of post-modernist poets with the little green and grey things that have set up residence under the dirty dishes in the sink. For all I really know it could be a residence for strange species of organic growth or even Almighty Valhalla for rejected mutation experiments that have decided to band together and pretend they're a new species of life that has evolved from kitchen-neglect. What I want to know is why people in tutorials can't start acting more like human beings instead of doing impeccable imitations of icky, spongy bits of dead-frog growth? Ah well ...

Anyway, there are many types of people who should be shot immediately on the grounds that they are stupid and worthless and are only going to provide regressive genes in the procreation of the human race. (At this point I'd normally throw in my facetious little quip about Hitler not being mad, only misunderstood, but it would only inspire the humorless and righteous pinheads out there to write long-winded letters branding me a racist and showing what lovely and wonderful humanitarians they are and how awful it is that people like me exist, and then the Varg would publish an endless stream of letters from pretentious knobheads who all want to get their humanitarian two-cents worth in by complaining

that it's terrible that the Herald could publish such anti-semitic rubbish, all of them trying to show the good egalitarian spirit they possess, and there'd be no end to it. So I won't make my facetious little Hitler statement because all these idiots are going to spend a lot of time being righteous about it when they should be more concerned with the Ernst Zundels and the James Keegstras, who are obviously NOT in the least bit facetious. So there.)

Well, after that lengthy aside, on to the main theme: people, stupid and worthless ones, who should be shot immediately. They come in all shapes and sizes, all races and creeds. Stupidity is actually a very non-prejudiced phenomenon: it encompasses *all* races. However, though instant death is the most obvious form of dealing with stupidity, it is not really consistent with the fundamental principles with which we govern this nation of ours. So what I have done here is to suggest some more creative punishments for stupidity that might be legally adopted by some bold, crusading politician, should we ever get one.

(1) For the person who said to me "Oh, I really shouldn't go and see *Henry V*," I haven't seen the first four parts yet..." the punishment is as follows: They should be tied to a hard wooden chair, eyes clamped open a la Clockwork Orange, and have Jack Daniels pumped intravenously into their veins every 15 minutes while being forced to watch all 8 hours of Andy Warhol's *Empire* and all 1 1/2 hours of Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *Berlin Alexanderplatz*.

(2) For the moron my friend

overhead complaining that he was annoyed because *Hamlet* didn't have a happy ending the punishment is: to be sodomized by Roger Ebert while Gene Siskel recites Homer's *The Odyssey* while having old videocassettes of *Batleship Potemkin* rammed up his butt.

(3) For the obnoxious American tourist who said to me this summer, "Ya know boy, I don't see what all this Meech fuss is about. Why don'tcha just give the goddamn lake back to the French and have done with it?" death would be too good, so his punishment is: solitary confinement for the rest of his life, his only entertainment a small set of books -- the Collected Works of Franz Kafka. The room might have its walls covered in murals of McCarthy, Nixon, and Fidel Castro. The ceiling should be painted bright neon pink.

(4) For T.A.s who think that an all-encompassing dental plan will somehow miraculously improve their teaching abilities, we should give them one. Only it should be more like Laurence Olivier and Dustin Hoffman in *Marathon Man*.

(5) As soon as there is a nice day in February, there is always some idiot who adopts that annoying optimism (and smiles the kind of smile that makes you want to kick its teeth in) and says "Oh! Maybe we'll get an early spring this year!" These people should have their privates frozen and their jaws wired shut.

(6) The last kind of stupid person I will expound upon for the present time is the student who, near the end of a tutorial, will start relating some personal experience they've had to the T.A. in the hopes of demonstrating that they have a broad

viewpoint on things, thereby fooling the T.A. into thinking that they are intelligent productive participants instead of grovelling little butt-licks. These people should be lobotomized instantly.

And while I'm not on the subject, one other thing that really gets up my nose is this "genre" of music I seem to be noticing more and more that I refer to as "Push-Button Metal". Call it a load of useless bollocks. What's the fucking point of calling yourself a metal or thrash band if you create something that has a nifty beat and lots of weird electronic tid-bits thrown in for good measure? What's worse is that I'm hearing more and more of this on my favorite radio show "Beyond the Gates of Hell". Please Miteh, no more "Disco Lucifer"! (I would like to thank Miteh however for playing a good amount of ol' Billy Burroughs). Well, since I'm being so good at dishing out punishments, all those who perform or produce "Push-Metal" should be forced to wear John Travolta's hand-me-downs.

Anyway, that's enough for now. If you have a type of stupid person you'd like to mention, just leave a message at the Herald Office. If enough of us work together, we could eradicate stupidity from the face of the Earth! Well, from the St. George campus anyway. That would be a good starting goal. Just think... no more Keeners... no more dumb jocks... no more Varg... WOW! ISN'T THAT INCENTIVE!! And, if someone gives you a hard time in the battle against stupidity, just tell them "Credo quia absurdum." Amen. God bless fucking America!

Not A Bleeding Heart Artsy

Joey Schwartz

Mole has been nagging me to write an article for some time now. So I finally gave up putting it off and started writing this article. Originally I was going to write the "definitive" article on the Gulf War. Since I did not have the time to go to the War Zone, nor time to interview Georgie Baby and his pal Saddam Insane, I realized I knew little more than the morally righteous, politically correct pseudo-intellectuals that have been attending on-campus forums on the situation in the Gulf. Instead of the definitive article I originally set out to write, you the reading public (all ten of you), will get to enjoy my polemical diatribe about the War.

During our numerous discussions on the subject, Mole and I came to the conclusion (in our subjective humble opinions) that many, in fact most, of the students opposed to the "action" taking place in the Gulf region, are doing so on high-minded principles based on fashion statements, rather than any "real" desire for a just and defensible peace. As I stated earlier, this article is mostly based on second and third hand information, but as someone who has been following the upheavals in the Middle-East for most of their life, my concerns are on-going. Can the average "cause of the week artsy" really have an "informed" opinion on the Gulf War? No, but I am not an expert on the subject either, just more media astute from years of formal education, plus reading/watching lots of news.

In a discussion with another "artsy" friend of mine, Black Cat, we talked about the Literary Studies Panel on the Gulf War. What amazed us, was the general lack of knowledge the students had about the underlying issues, such as:

(a) If the war was postponed, thereby keeping sanctions in place and allowing an uneasy peace to

continue, the possibility of war would have continued and it would be inevitable within the next five years. Giving Hussein five years to obtain a nuclear arsenal of bombs and would make the task of removing him that much more deadly, because in the end he has to be removed (at this point I do not want to enter into an argument over why he has to be removed, it should be obvious, but hey, I am not politically correct/blind).

(b) Our standard of living, that we currently enjoy, is in jeopardy. If Canada, the United States and their allies did not defend Saudi Arabia, Hussein would have eventually taken over the rest of the Arabian peninsula. He would then have control over at least twenty-five percent of the world's known oil supplies. Oil prices would then rise dramatically and our much valued standard of living would drop as a consequence from these circumstances.

The "politically correct" arties would shout back, "No Blood For Oil" to my second point. They are the same people who would start complaining about the increase in price to their audio tapes and compact discs, that resulted from the increased cost of production for these items, due to higher oil prices (as I said before, fashion is the main ideology behind political correctness).

Black Cat and I further discussed how the audience (and in my view, the panelists) "Turned on the television to watch the war, but turned it off during the fall." Cat's statement means that everybody's interest seemed to start with the American's offensive and that the previous five month's news articles and shows were probably ignored or given little attention (during the period before the offensive) by the audience. If they had watched/read many different news stories (with different ideological slants and agendas) before the offensive, they

would have been able to have come up with almost informed opinions.

We have lots of information on the war -- and it is up to us (Canadian society in general, but specifically the "educated" people of U. of T.) to sift through it to figure out what is and is not the truth about the situation in the Gulf. But since most of the students did not follow the prelude to war, they sped out ridiculously uninformed views. Though to be fair, the panel did try to stay on its topic that dealt with the way the media covered the war to that point (January 25, 1991). The student audience raised the issues about the war and deviated from the topic, revealing their lack of knowledge on the issues they brought on.

Black Cat was even more outraged than I by the stupid comments made by the Literary Studies audience. The Cat had recently spent a year in Israel and the Middle-East and could not believe the students' naivete towards the way that Hussein values human life (he doesn't) and the evidence of the last sixteen years of hunting down, murdering and gassing Kurds in his country probably would not convince the "politically correct"/blind. As Cat pointed out, "Who do they think the gas bombs are meant for?" The students did not realize that Israel would have been the prime candidate for a chemical attack had we left Hussein to conquer the Gulf region.

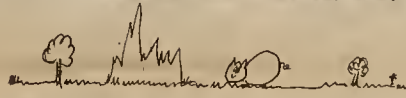
Cinema Studies teaches us how to critically look at images/texts. The problem with the audience (and again in my view the panelists) in general was their inability to critique the television images screened at the panel. Lacking the critical skills to analyze the topic (how the media was portraying the war) led to the most unproductive forum that either of us attended this year.

Getting back to the fashion motive behind the politically correct people on campus, I realized that

many of same people (Greenpeace in particular) got the seal hunt banned a few years ago off the coasts of Newfoundland and Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. Again the idea that it was fashionable to be politically active plays into my argument. Greenpeace, and other politically correct organizations, fought the slaughter (yes it was a slaughter, to use their terminology) of CUTE baby seals. What resulted from this narrow minded, uninformed action? The results included the slow death of the entire seal herd (both adult and the cute young seals) in the Cabot Strait and the Bay of St. Lawrence. Bringing this horrifying situation to my attention was my visit to my cousins' farm near the Cabot Trail on Cape Breton Island in the summer of 1989. Since their farm was right on the coastline, we usually went sailing in the areas where the herds congregated. We saw fully mature adult seals looking very thin and probably weighing half their normal weight. They were starving, as the ones that are still alive today must certainly be. The uninformed, politically correct organizations and their people did not consider that there were no predatory animals, except human beings, to keep the food chain in balance. So for a very few years the seals flourished and ate all the ground-fish they could eat. The depleted cod and other ground fish stocks (humans also played a major role in depleting the stocks) resulted in the seals suffering from slow painful deaths, thanks in part, to the people who thought they were doing the morally and politically correct thing to do.

To sum up my article I summon the soundscape of the Pink Floyd album *The Wall*, that ends with these lines:

The bleeding hearts and the artists
Make their stand
And when they've given you
their all
Some stagger and falter after all



Who's To Bless And Who's To Blame: 1990 In Review

Steve Gravestock

Last year, I began my year-end piece by hailing the last three years of the 80's as a vintage period for film. By way of contrast, 1990 reaffirmed this view. After the three years which preceded it, 1990 was probably bound to be a disappointment. What was shocking about the year -- or rather about specific works -- was the way it (and they) disappointed; one major filmmaker after another faltered, often in apparently ideal projects. The disappointments included *Bonfire of the Vanities*; *Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down*; *Dark Man*; *Cry Baby*; *For a Better Tomorrow 3*; *Dick Tracy*; *Blue Steel*.

There were still several good and some great movies this year and a lot of exceptional performances. There were too many notable turns to mention them all so I'll satisfy myself by just mentioning Shirley Maclaine, who took hamminess and mugging to new, enjoyable heights in *Postcards From the Edge* and *Waiting for the Light*.

Here are the films I felt were the best in 1990. The first title listed is the one I considered the best. The rest come in no particular order.

Interrogation: Set in Poland during the final years of Stalin's reign, Richard Bugajski's *Interrogation* deals with political imprisonment and persecution in a police or totalitarian state. Even if you didn't know anything about the film's history -- it was made in the early 80's, banned until 1989 and won a prize at last year's Cannes Film Festival -- you'd be able to tell that it was made in some other time. It possesses huge seriousness and offers a guarded optimism, qualities that this year's other good movies lacked or couldn't even imagine. These traits were noticeably absent from some of the better American movies, like *Bad Influence*, *Miami Blues*, and *Wild at Heart*, which were borderline or fully nihilistic. Bugajski documents the most hideous cruelties and still sees reason for hope. Tonia, his heroine, holds onto her dignity and her principles despite everything her tormentors throw at her.

Bugajski can probably be optimistic partly because of his Catholic roots which allow him to assess events in terms of individual moral and spiritual choices. Not all of the interrogators are pure evil and not all of the victims are pure. Strangely enough, this refusal to employ black and white terms makes Bugajski's criticism of totalitarianism more systematic and comprehensive. He shows us the price everyone pays under this sort of system. It's probably a sign of our times that a Polish Catholic understands politics better than the North American pseudo-left. (Neither Poland nor Catholicism are renowned for holding progressive views.) *Interrogation*'s lucid politics recall Chris Menges' *A World Apart* and De Palma's *Casualties of War*, two of the best political films in the last five years. Like these two movies, it captures and transcends politics.

Bad Influence: Curtis Hanson's thriller is one of a set of beautiful, precisely made American movies which appeared in 1990. (The others were *Miami Blues* and *Ford Fairlane*.) *Bad Influence* is easily the most complex one of the bunch and -- with the possible exception of *Robocop 2* -- the best American movie of the year. The film is borderline nihilistic but it doesn't arrive at this view cheaply. Hanson offers up a variety of perspectives and gives each its due. The outcome is moral confusion.

Hustler Alex (Rob Lowe) tempts and cajoles yuppie Michael (James Spader) into doing what he really wants and then goes further, much further than Michael envisions. Hanson and screenwriter David

Koop expose the nature of yuppie amorality and its limits. Both characters' perspectives are partially undercut and supported. Michael is no killer, as Alex claims; however, he's not exactly made of strong moral fibre. The erotically charged atmosphere supports Alex's claims -- Hanson and cinematographer Elswit present L.A. as a hedonist's paradise -- and helps you understand Michael's inability to resist temptation. Given these surroundings, who could? Hanson has dealt with psychos and the business ethic before -- with his script for *Silent Partner* and in *Bedroom Window* -- though never as effectively or urgently. When we left the theatre, a friend observed that it felt like the movie was still running.



Miami Blues: Director-writer George Armitage's low-life police thriller is difficult to place or even accurately describe. It's not a straight thriller because the characters take precedence over the plot; it's not a conventional character piece either. The meaning doesn't come from the characters' interaction for half the time it feels like they have never met or are each speaking a different language.

Armitage looks at the principals coolly, without judging them. Alec Baldwin's Junior is a crummy, two-bit, psychotic thief. You resist condemning him though -- even after he's savagely beaten several people -- largely because he's the only one with any drive. Both Hoke (Fred Ward), the cop who's pursuing Junior, and Junior's girlfriend Susie (Jennifer Jason Leigh) seem to drift through life. Junior drifts too, but he does it with gusto.

Baldwin's Junior probably has more appeal than Ward's Hoke because Baldwin is traditionally handsome while Ward looks very convincingly run down. Hoke (and Ward) enjoys disconcerting people by pulling out his false teeth and belching. However, when Baldwin is badly beaten up we're not shocked. We respond the way Jeff Goldblum responds to his degrading body parts in *The Fly*: clinically and with curiosity.

The blackest and most absurd jokes keep popping up and we never quite know how to take them since they are never punched up. (For example, Hoke pursues Junior avidly because Junior brutally mugged him, stealing his gun, his badge and his teeth. In one of the best scenes, they run down opposite sides of the street shooting at one another, waving badges, and yelling "Stop Police!")

Normally, this type of obscurity cripples a film. Here it's employed expressively: the movie is sneaky, evasive, and, psychotically enough, totally sincere. Just like Junior.

Jennifer Jason Leigh is quite touching as someone who struggles through life without too many active brain cells.

Chinese Ghost Story 2: Directed by Tsui Hark's associate, Ching-Siu-Ting, and produced by Hark himself, this movie displays all of the positive elements of the Hong Kong New Wave. Pursuing the largest audience possible, these filmmakers include elements of every commercial genre. It's post-modernism inspired by market conditions. Songs, action sequences, cheesy sci-fi effects, juvenile romance and slapstick comedy are mixed together insidiously, never self-consciously.

The movie's best sequence has the hero trying to protect the heroine's reputation. As they scurry about, a

60 foot monster -- which looks like something a fourth-grader would make out of plasticine -- chases after them. Siu-Ting piles on one complication after another until you're practically reeling from his inventiveness. The second best sequence is an eerie mass hypnotism scene.

These filmmakers aren't big on content. They do share a fear of the upcoming Mainland Chinese takeover. In *Ghost Story*, this theme is established allegorically with a fake priest and, believe it or not, a giant centipede. *Ghost Story* isn't as rigorously kinetic as Hark's classic *Peking Opera Blues*, but it is probably the best action movie of the year.

Paris by Night: This is David Hare's second film and it's a real leap forward. (*Strapless*, his third, was released earlier because *Paris* was held up by legal battles.) His first, *Wetherby*, was gimmicky and mean-spirited, arbitrarily blaming the apolitical main character for Britain's political problems. In this character study / thriller, he looks at British politics by focusing on the new breed of political figure: conservative women. A member of the European Parliament and a rising star in the Conservative party ranks, Clara Paige (Charlotte Rampling) is clearly modelled after Margaret Thatcher. In other words, politics isn't dumped in gratuitously or stupidly.



Hare takes an even bigger emotional step forward by trying to sympathize or at least understand Clara and, by extension, Thatcher. (Hare is, after all, an avowed leftist.) The tension between Hare's instinctive loathing for Clara and his attempts to understand and sympathize with her is what gives the movie suspense. The film and the filmmaker vacillate, respecting Clara's strengths, understanding her situation, and condemning her harshness and brutal self-interest. You think she's redeemable right up until the final chilling scene. (So does she; she's such a great public con artist she tends to con herself as well.)

The thriller plot -- Clara is being blackmailed and gets mixed up in murder -- functions primarily as a hook. Hare's not lazy though; he uses the genre to expressively establish Clara's somewhat justifiable paranoia. Like any public figure, she has things to hide. She's also in a very tenuous position: she has to ingratiate herself with the public and the old boys network which she doesn't or can't

understand. The thriller framework helps get this across. Hare is aided by Roger Pratt's moody, seething-with-corruption cinematography.

Besides Pratt, Hare's chief asset is Charlotte Rampling. Though she's had a long film career, Rampling's never really had a part worthy of her. Directors have always been overcome by her exotic, mysterious looks and coaxed on them, neglecting to give her a character. Hare doesn't make this mistake. He uses Rampling's mystery to suggest strength and vulnerability, and he gives her something substantial to play off. It's possible that Rampling is responsible for the film's success since Hare can't slot her into a conception the way he slotted Blair Brown in the elegant but thin *Strapless*. She floods the role and heroically makes an unsympathetic character sympathetic though she does commit an unpardonable political sin: she makes Margaret Thatcher look sexy.

The Adventures Of Ford Fairlane: Directed by Renny Harlin and written by several others (including *Heathers*' Daniel Waters), *Ford Fairlane* is a true rarity. It's a burlesque -- parodying countless movies such as *Talk Radio*, *Rambo*, and *Chinatown* -- but unlike most burlesques it's actually funny, and it's never self-congratulatory. It's also well-made. Harlin keeps the movie going full tilt so that it never touches ground and you never actually bother to question your enjoyment of a product whose immediate formal ancestors include *Airplane* and *The Naked Gun*.

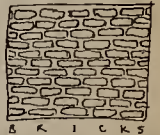
Dice Clay's comic persona -- a sly, endearing mix of Jerry Lewis, the public conception of Sly Stallone and male Brooklynites, and Mickey Spillane's gumshoes -- also saves the film from turning into something you're ashamed to enjoy. *Fairlane* is good-naturedly crude and ought to be mandatory viewing for those people who adore *Big* or *Stand By Me* because they thought it represented childhood accurately. This is what 12 year olds really enjoy and really think like. The movie's revivifying, like a good amputee.



Witches: With this sweet, nasty fairy tale about a young boy who uncovers a plot -- by witches -- to turn all the children in England into mice, director Nicholas Roeg abandons the increasingly ponderous

sex games and pretentious metaphysics which have enervated much of his recent work. He benefits immeasurably from the change in subject.

The movie's fuzzy visual style makes it seem distant the way a fairy tale seems distant; magic and witchery don't just seem plausible, they seem likely. As the boy's Granny, Mai Zetterling helps give it an Old World, folklorish flair. Like the best Old World grannies, she smokes cigars in bed and tells her young charge scary stories which she vehemently insists are true. Jim Henson also helps with his best effects work since the unjustly overlooked *Dreamchild*.



Roald Dahl -- who wrote the novel *Witches* is based on -- gives the movie the spin that makes it memorable by including some weird, black humour. (Allan Scott wrote the adaptation.) The young hero (Jason Fisher) is assisted by a pudgy British kid who can't stop eating. Being turned into a mouse doesn't phase him one bit, he can't wait to get home and take up residence in the pantry.

Besides Dahl, the film's chief asset is Anjelica Huston who enjoys her role as the Head Witch as much as John Lithgow enjoyed a similar role in *Buckaroo Banzai*. Periodically, the other witches' eyes turn bright purple; Huston's eyes glow without special effects.

The movie has some truly scary moments but kids don't seem any more effected by it than they did by *Snow White*. (At least, not the ones who were in the audience when I saw it.) Besides it's better for them and they'll enjoy it more. It's unwholesome.

Bethune: Phillip Borsos's biography (restructured brilliantly by editor Angelo Corrao) does what few biopics even attempt. It conceives and presents its subject in complex terms and it doesn't take him out of his historical context. The filmmakers see Bethune -- the Canadian surgeon who helped revolutionize medical techniques during the Chinese Revolution -- as a hard, arrogant man. (His ego is so big he could've been a movie director, maybe one with his own studio.) The movie is partly about how he matures by coming to accept human frailty; experience humbles him and makes him more humane.

The movie also avoids the obvious error of praising its subject simply for his politics. It's about a 30's Marxist, but it doesn't praise him simply for holding those views. It praises him for his actions, his energy and for having the courage to hold those views when it was



Innis Talent Night

Auditions are on Friday March 8th, 7 pm

In the Pub, But there will be

Sign-up sheets before this in the Pit and the Pub

The Actual Event is Happening

Friday March 15th in the Pub

Contact Odin (guy with long hair)

or Matt (guy with green hat) in the Pub

for more Information.

actually dangerous to do so. The producers were criticized for recruiting the movie against Borsos's wishes. The chronological jumps, however, add to the dramatic impact of the film because they foreground the psychological aspects of the narrative. (Though it wasn't a great year for films in general, it was an outstanding year for Canadian film. Besides *Bethune*, there was *Paper Wedding* -- which featured a subtle, beautiful performance by Genevieve Bujold and elegant direction by Michel Brault -- and the soon-to-be-released *Perfectly Normal*.)

Robocop 2: This sequel -- directed by Irwin Kershner, and written by Walton Green and Frank Miller -- mixes Swift and Peckinpah: It chews its *Straw Dog* targets up with vicious, rhythmic one-liners and stock types, adjusted and transplanted to suit the 90's. Belinda Bauer's sensitive doublespeak, Dr. Faxon, shares a lot with Fielding's pious, scheming Blifet. The film is beautifully, intelligently paced, a quality it shares with Remy Harlin's *Ford Fairlane*. Like Harlin's spoof, it never waits for you to get the joke; it just rambles on to the next one. The film lacks the smarmy, self-congratulatory tone of the original and offers up a more devastating critique of corporations. (See above.) All of the performers are good; Dan O'Herihiy as the suave despicable head of Omniscorp and Belinda Bauer are particularly notable.

Twin Peaks / Wild at Heart: David Lynch is an American small-town surrealist. In other words, he's a conservative. He believes in the white bread stuff he includes in the Gothically structured *Blue Velvet*; Lynch didn't see Laura Dern's hysteria when confronted with Isabella Rossellini or her goody-goody, fairy tale view of the world as entirely laughable. It's just that his faith in these things invariably collapses because of the way he sees the world. He can't quite accept an object's context -- so things always seem vaguely sinister

to him, especially nature -- and he's entranced by ugliness and oddities. As a result, with Lynch there's always a godhead around the corner to give things meaning. Unfortunately, it's normally named Bob. Like Peckinpah or Rousseau, Lynch carries a principle to its furthest extension and watches it collapse.

The *Twin Peaks* premiere, when Laura Palmer's death was revealed, featured extreme expressions of grief which were so intense they were unsettling. They suggested that there was something more at stake. The way dreams, objects (fans, traffic lights) and nature were presented only supported this suspicion.

Lynch proposed a comical solution to this dilemma: Special Agent Dale Cooper (Kyle McLachlan, in what was probably the best comic performance of the year). Cooper was a *deux ex machina* with Sherlock Holmes (ie. supernatural) powers of deduction and an odd way of reaching conclusions. (He lectured his cohorts on the Dalai Lama and threw rocks at buckets.) Of course, he failed.

The series featured the best cast in recent memory including several major finds (the walking come-on Sherilyn Fenn and the personification of homicidal teenage angst Dana Ashbrook) and some rediscoveries (Russ Tamblyn, Richard Beymer, and Peggy Lipton). Though the subsequent series had its weak spots, every sub-plot and every character worked (often gloriously) at some point. There are very few films that can boast that.

Wild at Heart, Lynch's theatrical release, was a transitional film. It's his most European film to date, owing more to Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point* and Godard's *Weekend* than American road movies, the genre it ostensibly belongs to. Like Antonioni's crackpot classic, *Wild* is sloppy, entertaining and devoid of any real ideas. (This may be due to the fact that Lynch only took the job because, despite *Blue Velvet*'s critical success, he couldn't get

anything else funded; he initially rejected the project. He turned to television for the same reason.) The film is packed with great grotesques (the greatest being Willem Dafoe's evil carnate Bobby Peru) and half-realized moments. It is rich enough to make it enjoyable and it has another memorably bizarre performance by Nicholas Cage. His versions of *Love Me Tender* and *Love Me* were enough to make the film worth seeing. There are a couple of moments where the way Lynch captures light and mood prove he still has his instincts intact. In a film year when several established directors preferred style over content, this was the style exercise I enjoyed the most.

Postscript: A lot of the pleasure I got out of movies came from re-releases or old movies I'd simply been too lazy to check out. Included in this group are Louis Malle's sensational *Murmur of the Heart*, which is probably better than any new release I saw this year, and Bruce Weber's lyrical, somber *Let's Get Lost*, a film which has only played the reps. It was as good as or better than anything else I saw this year. I'd also like to mention the Yanagimachi documentary about Tokyo motorcycle gangs, *Godspeed You Black Emperor*, which played at the Festival.

Finally, I'll like to add that TV partially eclipsed the movies this year in courage and relevancy. Week after week, *The Simpsons* dealt with touchy issues and did so very effectively (with humour) and without condescension. It's not, however, an issue show which relies on shock value. (This is what separates it from its predecessors like *All in the Family*.) I don't think I've seen anything as touching as Homer's trip to Capitol City or as funny as Monty Burns' campaign for political office or as relevant as Marge's attempt to ban litchy and Scratchy. At least, not in the last little while. Similarly, only *Bad Influence* seems as current as certain details in *Twin Peaks* (like the way Bobby plays with his hair).

INNIS FILM SOCIETY

Premiere: Bruce Elder's *Flesh Angels*

Thursday, February 28, 1991, Innis Town Hall, 7:00 p.m., \$3.00

"Flesh Angels was inspired by several writings of William Blake, principally by *The Book of Urizen* and *The Garden of Love*."

Premiere: Bruce Elder's *Newton and Me*

Saturday, March 2, 1991, Innis Town Hall, 7:00 p.m., \$3.00

"Flesh Angels and Newton and Me are among the concluding episodes of the epic film cycle *The Book of All The Dead*, a work whose structure parallels Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Wagner's *Ring Cycle* and Ezra Pound's *Cantos*. Thanks to Ryerson's School of Film and Photography, Applied Arts Television Facility and Applied Arts Computer Graphics Lab for extremely generous support." (B.E.)

Jack Chambers' *Hart of London*.

Thursday, March 7, 1991, Innis Town Hall, 7:00 p.m., \$3.00

Hart of London, 1968-70, 79 min., colour, sound, 16mm.

"Hart of London, Chambers' last film, is a dense, feature-length multi-image symphonic work whose scope is breathtaking. Without doubt it is a masterpiece. In its quick cutting, its transitions from positive to negative imagery, its jittery, anxious camera movement, its vision of death as the slaughter of innocents, and above all its deep interest in the qualities of light, it resembles the work of American avant-garde filmmaker Stan Brakhage, whom Chambers much admired. Although Chambers' familiarity with and admiration for Brakhage's work may have expanded his formal vocabulary, the film remains unmistakably his own. *Hart of London* is composed largely of newsreel, photographic images which are wedded to a particular place and time. For this reason they evoke a sense of loss. These images, like those of *Mosaic*, are often arranged in patterns which consist in the alternation of icons of birth with icons of death; the juxtaposition of footage depicting the birth of a child with that showing the slaughter of a lamb is one clear example." (Bruce Elder)

New Cinema with New Music Concerts: Stan Brakhage in Person with Recent Films

Thursday, March 14, 1991, Innis Town Hall, 7:00 p.m., \$3.00 (admission free to New Music Concerts subscribers)

The Art Gallery of Ontario and the Innis Film Society Present: Stan Brakhage in Person with Recent Films II

Friday, March 15, 1991, AGO Jackman Hall, 7:00 p.m., \$3.00

PLEASE NOTE THAT THIS SCREENING IS AT THE JACKMAN HALL, ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO, 317 DUNDAS STREET WEST, ENTRANCE OFF McCAUL.

New Cinema with New Music Concerts: Films By Meredith Monk

Thursday, March 21, 1991, Innis Town Hall, 7:00 p.m., \$3.00 (admission free to New Music Concerts subscribers)

Cinematheque Ontario and Innis Film Society Present: The Trance Film

Thursday, March 28, 1991, Innis Town Hall, \$5.00; \$4.00 for Cinematheque members; free for Innis Film Society members.

Reinhold's "Wanderlust"

Ryan Harris

"Wanderlust" is the insatiable desire that possesses certain individuals to seek out unfamiliar environments. And while I myself feel afflicted with this passion for travel from time to time, it has come to my attention that the student is often incapable of excursions outside of the limits of the TTC. It was my intention in developing this column to explore all that Toronto could offer a newcomer to this glorious city. I first envisioned a dimly-lit tavern enthralled with fervent political discourse amidst the clashing of sabres, but when the smoke cleared I saw a warm, still dimly-lit cafe with a medley of personages, a half decent brew and perhaps a bass player who could hold his own. Well, that's next month. Finding myself incapable of finding this ideal spot, I instead managed to stumble upon a gem of a place... The Nostalgic Theatre.

The Nostalgic is a veritable cache of ambience and character. Shrouded in relative seclusion behind the Kingsway Theatre, the unsuspecting traveller must first avoid the other theatre's line-up before making their way up the staircase on the left. The viewing room itself seats only forty or so in

vacuum-packed comfort and easily takes up less space than my dorm room. Fortunately, this lends itself to a laid-back atmosphere and comfortable viewing. The purple decor, while at first a bit nauseating, grows on you after a while and soon distinguishes itself. Perhaps the most dignifying feature is the absence of doors, the viewing room instead being partitioned by --yes, purple -- curtains. In short, the theatre benefits from its resemblance to a hastily arranged home movie in one's garage.

While there, I was witness to a showing of *Jason and the Argonauts*. While not necessarily faithful to the classic Pindar's text, it never the less was a delightful picture (even though I personally wasn't impressed with the benevolent portrayal of Zeus). The special effects, albeit unconvincing, were certainly entertaining regardless. But alas, I should save my breath as it was a one-time showing. To be of greater assistance, I should suggest some upcoming classics. Perhaps you would like to catch *The Maltese Falcon* on March 4th. Horror fiends should be interested in Hitchcock's immortal *Psycho* on March 23rd and 25th or in "Horror Sunday" (five flicks, culminating in *The*

Mummy) on March 24th.

Regardless of the title, the Nostalgic simply offers great movies in a splendid location. In fact, you even get the added bonus of a surprisingly entertaining Betty Boop cartoon, no extra charge. And the value of a night at the Nostalgic should not be overlooked, with the regular price of \$6.25, and \$3.75 for members, which certainly helps in the war against escalating movie prices and syndicate monopoly. An additional plus: The Nostalgic Theatre is quite accessible, an easy walk down Bloor from Royal York station.

Give the place a try, it's pretty cool. If you have any interesting hide-outs that you frequent (hopefully with a half decent bass player), I'm interested in your suggestions. Until next month...



Film Diary 1990, Part One

Brian Morgante

Movie of the Year: Gus Van Sant's 1986 debut *Mala Noche*. I'm usually skeptical when critics reach into the past for the best movie of the year, but I've seen everything that was released in 1990 and the most affecting was *Mala Noche*. The story of a 25 year old skid row convenience store clerk's obsessive love for a 14 year old Mexican boy, the film is a beautiful expressionist dream (and how appropriate that this ideal love story is a criminal offense). Tim Streeter is so far into his role that Van Sant can endow the character with his own self-lacerating humour. The film is based on a novel by a poet, and Van Sant was trained as a painter, yet the film is as tough-minded as anything Robert Altman has ever directed. *Mala Noche* still awaits a Toronto release (I saw the lone Harbourfront screening in February), but it's worth the vigilance. 16mm, mostly b&w, 80 minutes, made for \$25,000 (Godard made *Breathless* for eighty thousand 1959 dollars).

Ten Best Films of 1990:

Mala Noche
Vincent and Theo
Grifters
Twin Peaks
 (two hour premiere episode)
Bethune
The Field
Bad Influence
Robocop 2
Good Fellas
Paper Wedding

Ten Worst:

Dances With Wolves
Blood of Heroes
Mack the Knife
Heart Condition
Desperate Hours
Handmaid's Tale ("I recognize it very much, as they stayed fairly close to the book" sez Peggy).
Days of Thunder
Taking Care of Business
Metropolitan
Revenge

Director of the Year: David Lynch. There are half a dozen reasons why Lynch is the director of the year. The two hour premiere of *Twin Peaks* is one of the year's very best movies; Lynch's vision is conveyed without compromise, and the resulting TV series is the best ever -- the only series to have the depth of movies and the subtlety of drama. "I always said *Twin Peaks* had an awful lot to do with coffee, doughnuts and pie," said Lynch before the first episode was aired, and that's still true. In a slim year, *Twin Peaks* was always eagerly awaited -- for the expert handling of an extraordinarily large and diverse cast (can you name a bad performance?) and for the simple pleasures of detail, the ways people talk and dress etc. Equally abundant were the complex pleasures, the absolute division between good and evil, where people can move in either direction but there is none of the moral equivalence of situational ethics. In addition to directing several more episodes and overseeing the rest, he also had a feature film in release, *Wild at Heart*. The movie doesn't work at all, perhaps a road movie is too banal for Lynch, though it might have had some life if Isabella Rossellini and Harry Dean Stanton had played the leads (Laura Dern is miscast as a siren and Nicholas Cage is a method actor, not a Lynch eccentric). Though *Wild at Heart* is lifeless, it gets an A+ as an academic exercise, for it's an impressive piece of surreal visual stylization. Lynch's output this year also included three videos by Chris Isaak (more about that later) and Juice Cruise ("Falling" and "Rocking Back Inside My Heart") and four TV commercials for Calvin Klein (more about that later too). It's not just that he's done the most work, but that it's generally the best

work and that he is the most influential and most imitated director around.

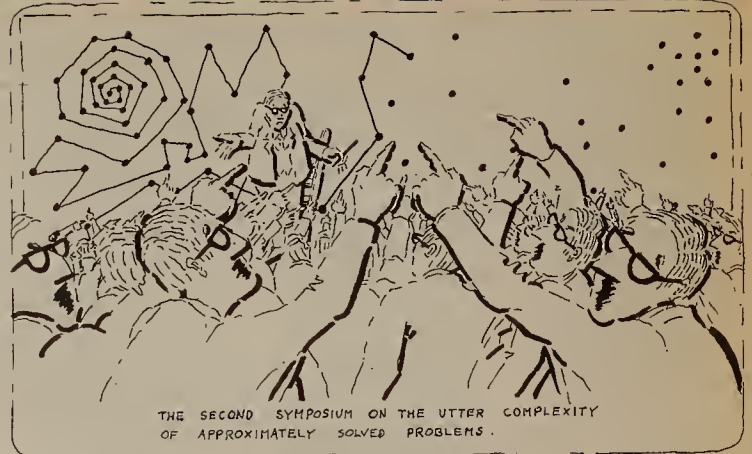
Disappointments

It would be impertinent to isolate one "worst" director this year -- though Cimino should be knocked for degrading Kelly Lynch in the awful *Desperate Hours* and Bertolucci should be cited twice for unnecessarily displaying Debra Winger's Black Forest Cake and for exposing John Malkovich's genitals (which are about as attractive as Bobby Peru's teeth) -- when the far more salient aspect of the year was the frequent disappointments. I don't mean the pictures that could have been good but you knew wouldn't be -- like *Revenge*, which was originally going to star Jack Nicholson and be directed by John Huston, and then fell into Orson Welles' hands and finally was made by tv-commercial director Tony Scott with a miscast Kevin Costner (he's too self-absorbed to play mean macho). I'm referring to projects where the right people, projects, conditions and stars worked together and somehow came up short.

In this context the biggest disappointment of the year is Brian De Palma's *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. To paraphrase Pauline Kael (who was speaking of Visconti's *Ludwig*) "a disaster on the scale of *Bonfire of the Vanities* is a prodigy." After the casting was set, I disagree with just about every aesthetic decision De Palma took. Tom Hanks is an excellent choice for Sherman McCoy and the addition of Bruce Willis improved on the (mediocre) novel's chances for resonance -- only a film of Donald Westlake's *Trust Me On This* would require a British actor to play the tabloid reporter. Disavowing the necessary social realism in favour of an overheated visual style strands the actors without a context, but to then direct them to turn in caricatured performances makes the picture bewildering, a mixture of visionary and incoherent. More than just De Palma's stylistic flourishes come through: his skilful handling of a character with AIDS is exemplary (it's the first to appear in a major feature). Played by Andre Gregory, the stricken poet is presented without comment, as part of the texture of contemporary urban life, and De Palma manages not to suppress the attendant details nor exploit the drama. It appears that nearly two decades spent mastering visual style has left De Palma unable to document daily life. Goethe's remark, that few people have the imagination for reality, applies in two ways. First why does De Palma care? since he used to work that way (*Greetings, Illi Mom*), but then grew past it. Secondly, *Bonfire* exposes De Palma's intellectual flaw. In the film, he shows no deeper understanding (beyond the opening shot of the gargoyles) of the fatal contradictions of contemporary liberalism -- he may share them, and therefore he cannot find the detonator in the material. Watching *Bonfire*, it is now clear why the sorrowful *Casualties of War* fell short of its tragic intentions. De Palma's half-hearted liberalism precludes a peripatetic movement; to succeed as tragedy, the American effort in Vietnam would have to be portrayed as noble, something De Palma can't bring himself to do (he splits the American effort into two, Fox and Penn, good and bad). If as the Anti-war movement and its descendants maintain, any exercise of American power is malignant, then the unpleasant consequences were a just outcome -- melodramatic not tragic.

Weakest Scripts
Sibling Rivalry, *My Blue Heaven*

Worst Editing
State of Grace



Achievements in Cinematography: Stefan Czapsky (*Flashback*, *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, *Edward Scissorhands*), Frank Byers (*Twin Peaks*: the Lynch darkness on tv's sunnier aesthetic), Roger Deakins (*Mountains of the Moon*, *The Long Walk Home*) and Richard Kline whose *Downtown* was a perfect demonstration of 1970's lighting values.

Achievements in Acting: Roth and Rhys, Alec Baldwin, Michel Blanc, Michael Gambon (for his definitive BBC Oscar Wilde), Lane Smith (for his blackly comic Nixon in tv's *The Final Days*) and Alan Arkin (*Edward Scissorhands*, *Havana*).
 Winona Ryder, Anjelica Huston, Susan Sarandon, Genievue Bujold, Dianne Wiest, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Fran Drescher (a great reluctance to a career that began so promisingly in *Floyd Murrow*'s great late seventies B-pix).

Achievement in Editing: Sir Angelo Corrao (for assembling *Bethune*, truly a rake's progress).

Achievements in Film Craft: *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover* (imagery), *Miami Blues* (acting and nihilism), *Henry and June*, *Bird on a Wire* (almost a mood), *Interrogation*, *Ford Fairlane*, *Wild at Heart*, *Russia House*.

Note on the Year's Most Praised Movie: In a year where craft was often perfected and ideas usually ignored, Scorsese's gangster melodrama was the most extreme example. In an interview with Film Comment, the director explained his ambitions for the film solely in terms of appropriating documentary techniques to his dynamic, expressive style. So it's a personal triumph that this 140 min. movie is continually engaging -- there are no dull patches! Unfortunately, there's no meaning either: Stretching the material to fit the style is the extent of Scorsese's (obsessive) involvement with the story. Remarkable a directorial feat as *Goodfellas* is, it's just not a full use of Scorsese's abilities. You get more content from learning that Scorsese tapped Stephen Frears to helm *The Grifters* on the basis of *My Beautiful Laundrette*; and though I haven't seen it, I suspect Scorsese has more to say in *Made in Milan*, the 28 minute film he made about Giorgio Armani (Scorsese has always been a dapper dresser).

Zemban Nationalism: *Internal Affairs*, *Downtown* and *I Come in Peace*; *Crybaby*, *Atmel*, *Flaunters* and *Pump up the Volume*; *Mountains of the Moon*, *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, *The Sheltering Sky* and *Q&A*; *Longtime Companion*, *Welcome Home Roxy Carmichael*, *Without You, I'm Nothing*; but not *Beautiful Dreamers* or *Red-Blooded American Girl*.

This Year's Equivalent To "That Patrick Swayze -- What An Actor!": "I'm a big Brad Johnson fan".

Culture Industry Warfare:

Peggy Noonan writes:

"I think in some ways it is true that there is a cultural war going on in America. Part of the culture wars is in entertainment right now. There are those who believe that 2 Live Crew and other rock groups can do pretty much anything they want and ought to be able to do anything they want. That's one group. The other group is people who say, 'but we have kids. We don't want our kids to listen to this.' There are some people who feel that Madonna cannot masturbate often enough in her act... And some people on the other side who think 'that is disgusting.' In a way it is a war between Hollywood and America. I truly think that Hollywood these days, the people who run Hollywood, who make the decisions, who have the money and who decide what we will see on TV and in the movies -- those people know nothing about America anymore. They wouldn't know America if America walked up to them and bit them. They haven't lived like normal people in a long time. They are insulated from their own country -- by wealth, and by the fact that they live in a ghetto. A little ghetto! It's a little rich people's ghetto, off on the West coast. The West Coast -- where the continent turns to mush."

Mr. and Mrs. Bridge is illustrative of the enormous divide that exists between Hollywood and the rest of the U.S. (film theorists and semioticians routinely deride Hollywood films as representative of America -- who says they're stupid?) Designed as an attack/expose of traditional American virtues, the film is hypocritical and reprehensible. It is reprehensible because the perspective (the novelist's view is retained) purports to be objective when it is actually viciously judgemental. Families oppress women, parents destroy children, Protestantism is evil, working hard equals co-opted equals corruption,

those who aren't artists are worthless, etc. are all recognizable current notions, but to make a period film solely to condemn the past, to refuse to enter -- through imagination -- the period just so you can spit on the politically incorrect is appalling. The filmmakers don't allow for the possibility that a woman might ever have found enjoyment, or fulfillment, raising a family. Every incident is an abstract demonstration of the awfulness of the Bridges. No wonder the film's point of view has elicited comparison to the portraiture of Diane Arbus (and we all know how much solace she received from her liberated attitudes).

The moviemakers trip themselves up in their zeal to prosecute Mr. and Mrs. Bridge. The scenes fall into two categories: those that demonstrate the ordinariness and typicality of the Bridges, and those that announce their problems. But the latter undercut the former as everyone onscreen notes their rigidity and formality, and yet the Bridges aren't supposed to be appreciably different than their neighbours. If they're repressed, they are not representative, and there's no point in feeling superior to one particular family. (It's picking on them). It's structured so that the filmmakers/audience feel superior in every scene, yet the style is low-key super-realism. Mr. and Mrs. Bridge fails because Evan Connell and Merchant/Ivory/Jhabvala don't have enough powers of imagination to see how someone else could live or feel differently.

That same attitude poisons *Postcards From the Edge*. Mother Debbie Reynolds is mocked for her career, and for caring about it while daughter Carrie Fisher is lauded for being in showbiz but feeling superior to it. Alcoholic mother is camp, "I drink like an Irish person," she says, but daughter wages a valiant struggle against drugs (her whining that her dependency is her mother's fault gets a laugh, but the film endorses the claim). Why did the moviemakers put the daughter at the centre of the movie, and why is the daughter continually being judged to be a better person than her

This Could Be Your Last Chance To Write For The Innis Herald

Our March Issue may be our last.
 We welcome both new and used writers
 (we recycle)

Please Submit an Article.
 (We have more poetry than we know what to do with)

Watch For The Next Deadline.

mother? It is one of the year's greatest ironies that though Carrie adapted her book for the screen, the two are apparently on good terms. Cher put her life on the screen, (in *Mermaids*) portrayed her eccentric mother gloriously, exultantly, unapologetically, and allowed her young self to be portrayed priggishly and yet she is not on speaking terms with her mother (says Cher "I guess I'm supposed to say at this point, it's unfortunate, but, it's just the way it is"). Nature triumphs in *Postcards* nonetheless for despite the daughter skewering her mother and ignoring her own lack of talent, Shirley MacLaine's brassy caricature blows personality-less Meryl Streep off the screen.

On paper, *The Russia House* is one of the year's most impressive projects. As a movie, it's the year's smallest. All of the best efforts of the novelist, Tom Stoppard, the cast, Fred Schepisi and his team have combined to restate E.M. Forster's old line about it being better to betray one's country than one's friends. But that notion, which wasn't generally accepted until the late 60's when it became a commonplace, has been undercut by the collapse of the Cold War. The intricate plotting (and cutting) doesn't enliven dead beliefs, it just reduces the romance to a plot device. No wonder word-of-mouth killed this (platformed) release: there's nothing to respond to. A puzzle solved is still just a puzzle.

A few Americans patronizingly are presented as idiot-innocents in a villainous U.S. case, is the way *Air America* was summarized by an actual Air America pilot. Offended by the callous tone of the movie, he and a reporter wrote a rebuke (*Wall Street Journal* 28/08/90; reprinted *Variety* 17/09/90) that will be ignored, but they should feel appeased. The movie fared poorly, and a lot of this can be attributed to the heartless tone -- accented by political events in the Gulf during its August release. "A fun, zany thing for the whole family, with laughs aplenty and big things blowing up" was the reviewer's stated goal.

Were the writers so busy sugar-coating the liberal politics of *Die Harder* that they didn't realize the whole plot is a bust? The movie is designed around frantic heroic efforts to thwart the Ollie North-type from securing a plane, but the movie-makers are so isolated that they don't know that the plane-that-must-not-take-off couldn't land ANYWHERE (Democracies and rightist countries wouldn't accept U.S. fugitives, and no leftist country would be hospitable).

Cultural values can be the centre of a movie directly, but not if it's a Woody Allen movie. I dearly wish he would banish the word "values" from his vocabulary -- and it wouldn't be much of a loss since it's always undefined and abstract. Still, values and Woody Allen are an interesting pairing: When a director uses the Ralph Lauren clothing label to indict people as corrupt and bereft of a spiritual dimension but has enough clout that he can film inside the Ralph Lauren superstore, morality, dis-honesty and hypocrisy have a very contemporary subtext.

Noted And Quoted/Give Em Enough Rope: The World According To Jeff Stryker, porn actor:

"I was tired of watching the corn grow. You see it one year, it's the same the next. Little sprouts and big ears", Jeff explains why he left the country and moved to the big city.

"...when I heard the amount of money they were offering, I refused. I wouldn't have taken my shoes off, let alone my clothes." Stryker on why he posed for Hustler and Chic, but not for Playgirl.

"I try not to categorize myself as straight or gay, because I don't want to limit myself to one particular market... I think people are people and what they are doing is what they are doing -- at that time."

"The whole purpose of making a

video is to entertain people, so I try to do what I've learned the public wants to see."

"They're even educational", Stryker exposing education as the great modern shibboleth (cf. feminists and liberals).

"I'm no different than anyone else. I just happen to be a little oversized in one area."

"Like someone who gives David Letterman a little shit."

Women and Film:

"I make half of what Dustin makes, half of what Redford makes, half of what Jack makes. There are different rules for men and women and I think it stinks", opines Meryl Streep ignorantly. Garbo, Dietrich and Mae West were the first stars to wheedle a percentage of the gross; their pictures were big hits. Streep has ulterior motives in seeking to overthrow market economies: She may win awards from critics but her vehicles are shunned by the public. (I would suggest she use her elou to effect change, but she might purchase a Fay Weldon novel and hire Susan Seidelman to direct it.)

"I feel so grateful to be working and I make so much money... I took me five years to get a job but I don't think it had to do with my being a woman -- people weren't really interested" Cher commenting on Streep's charges.

"I make so much money... I can't yell and scream" Sally Field

"We don't appeal to the same number of people, so we have to take the whole scale down a bit. Anyhow, who wants \$11 million? Who needs that much money? It's just ego. Women should take the lead and take less to make the pictures we want to make. You can't take risks on a big budget. You can't have it both ways." Rachel Ward

"I don't think she can sing it", Streep's gracious reaction to Madonna's landing the coveted lead in *Evita*.

"Female comedians today are low-life sluts", says Bette Midler.

"That bitch... What's her problem, PMS? Doesn't she know they have medicine for PMS now?... I'm gonna punch her so hard her head'll spin around" threatens Roseanne Barr.

"If Traci Lords can do it, I can too. And I don't even think she can act", Stryker on crossing over to mainstream features.

Mise En Scene \ Directors:

"This color's terrible, I'll get ya a color-corrected print... There's that thickness I was talking about", John Waters recounting Jeff Stryker's auto-critique of Stryker's 'solo' film, *Just You And Me*.

"When he came, I applauded", John Waters, adding "what's the etiquette, what would Miss Manners say -- Keep up the good work?"

"I always said that cinema-verite is bullshit", photographer/filmmaker William Klein, adding "It's your own truth, not the truth of what you see."

"I'd just add that his ego goes further than I can imagine. Everyone jokingly and lovingly says that he's a megalomaniac, but, my God, it stretches over oceans... dunes..." Debra Winger on Bernardo Bertolucci (explaining why B.B. is precisely the wrong man to adapt Bowles' distanced *Sheltering Sky* for the screen).

"...the obvious fact that these films made me both rich and famous. Other than that, they didn't satisfy me" F.F. Coppola on the first two Godfather movies.

"I don't have any illusions about who I am or what I do or how I'm thought of in the intellectual community. But I don't think people have a choice in that. As much as I may want to do art films, I don't have the skill for it. I would love to make *Wild Strawberries*, but there's no sense in pretending that I can. I just can't. I think you do what you can help doing. And I just have to hope that there's enough quality in the sort of movies that I do that

they'll survive or hold up ten years later" *Ilavanya* was a major misfire but it's this type of common sense that enables Sidney Pollack to function as producer and get risky projects made (*Songwriter, The Fabulous Baker Boys, White Palace*).

"It was an opportunity to make a short poem", David Lynch on his four Obsession commercials for Calvin Klein, each a 30 second interpretation of *The Sun Also Rises, The Great Gatsby, Women In Love* and *Madame Bovary* (the novels, NOT the various film versions, I hasten to clarify).

"I wish we had the guts to make this [movie]", David Cronenberg boasting of the financing rejection from an Orion executive on his proposed film of *Naked Lunch* (Save your tears for Gus Van Sant's *unmade My Own Private Idaho* -- Cronenberg has secured alternate funding). I'm inclined to like Cronenberg, who can be a first-rate commercial director but who also overvalues his talents. He's not an artist as any viewer of *Fast Company* (his semi-docu about car-racing culture) can attest, so he's at best a questionable if interesting adapter of Burroughs' novel (especially if you remember that Cronenberg eliminated one twin's homosexuality from the factually-based *Dead Ringers*).

I wish D.C. well but my doubts have increased since Judy Davis was cast as the lead. She's a major actress, with enormous screen presence -- so why is she the lead in Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*?

"I'm of the Western Union school. If you want to send a message, go to Western Union", says David Lynch. Is it too late to get Kevin Costner a scholarship?

"I'm convinced *Wild At Heart* was not a success because Lynch has made himself too accessible on TV with *Twin Peaks*", says David Cronenberg. First, *Wild At Heart*, was a success, grossing 3-4 times what *Blue Velvet* did. It was not a bigger success because it was a bad movie. Second, it was the meagre sales of *Blue Velvet* that forced Lynch's move to TV where, thirdly, the ever-falling ratings show he's not all that accessible. This is because, fourthly, Lynch has not diluted his style for TV (and stylish-and-commercial can only be a modest success -- think of the less than spectacular success of *De Palma's The Untouchables* or Cronenberg's own *The Fly*; or recall Noel Coward's advice to Cecil Beaton: "You mustn't do it. It closes so many doors. It limits you unnecessarily, and young men with half your intelligence will laugh at you. It's hard, I know one would like to indulge one's own taste. I myself would dearly love a good match, yet I know it is overdoing it to wear tie, socks, and handkerchief of the same colour."). So, fifthly, success for David Lynch is what

establishes him to the point where he can continue to work (his way); and sixthly, he has done that despite incredible odds.

"Cinema consists in having beautiful things done to beautiful women" Francois Truffaut, from his posthumously published notebooks.

"Francis is perhaps dead, I am perhaps alive. But then, is there a difference?", J-L Godard, in the introduction he wrote for Truffaut's notebooks.

"I think it's about a fear of oneself, and of being able to appreciate something really beautiful. People are made to feel afraid if they think a picture of a naked body is inspirational". Did Bruce Weber anticipate that his new book, *Bear Pond*, views of the sky, a lake and nude men, would unsettle editors to the point that the book has not been reviewed anywhere -- even in the publications that found its publication newsworthy?

"I had nothing to do with getting the first director booted", says Cher, correctly noting that "no American audience wants to see a nine-year-old girl commit suicide".

"The entertainment industry is the only industry in which America continues to hold a major competitive advantage. Significantly, it is also the only industry the government is not involved in" -- Jeffrey Katzenberg, chairman of Disney. If you have any doubts about the validity of this claim, read this: "...it seems to me that the problem is not so much in government funding for cinema as it is in the system of accountability... We need to change the system, and reacquire the bureaucrats with the real world... Let's put the fear of unemployment into our cultural bureaucrats. Maybe they'll green-light fewer films about growing up on farms, and more pictures people want to see." John Harkness.

Eliminate the bureaucrats altogether and the system/market will function with minimum disruption and maximum efficiency!

"We're really not in the same business," Robert Altman reacting, no doubt, to Disney's disclosure of the \$101 million budget of *Dick Tracy* (36 for production plus 5 for studio 'overhead' plus 5 for interest charges plus 55 for promotion). "They've learned how to make the market work," Altman adds, "they know how to do the publicity, they know how to do the ads, they know how to get the dollars away from the eight-year olds and they don't want to change that".

Where's Garth Drabinsky When You Need Him: Were he still CEO at Cinplex terrorizing his own and his competitors' bookers, you can bet Toronto moviegoers would have seen at least some of the following pictures on SCREENS: *Downtown, Short Time, In The Spirit, Daddy's Dyna-mite, The Lemon Sisters, Where the Heart Is, Robin Jox, The Man Inside (Bobby Roth), Common Threads, Almodovar's Dark Habits, Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer, Torments of Spring* (T. Hutton and N. Kinski), *Strike It Rich, Mala Noche, and Keaton's Cop* (Lee Majors, Abe Vigoda and Don Rickles).

Best Advertising: The startlingly affirmative still from *Longtime Companion* that was used in print ads and as the film's poster. A beaming smile lights up Dermot Mulroney's face as he wraps his arms around another (unidentified) man. I'm sure it was a boon to ticket sales and should give Mulroney's career a big boost.

Last Words: "I'm in no mood for any of your shit. I just watched 'David Letterman'", says the character played by Brian Dennehy in (the quickly sensational) *Last Of The Finest*.



Attention Later Life Learners: Hello Again!

The Herald would like to remind you that
We welcome your submissions.
Thanks to those who have contributed...
But we would like to hear more.

If you have any opinions about anything
(except the Gulf War; the Herald is now a D.M.Z.)
Please submit an article.

Thank-You.



The Green Master Plan: A Referendum Question

The article was created through the combined efforts of OPIRG (Ontario Public Interest Research Group) and UTEC (University of Toronto Environ-mentalist Coalition)

On February 6th, the SAC Board approved OPIRG's referendum question to be added to the election ballot on March 13th and 14th. A majority vote from students on the referendum question will act to persuade Governing Council that stronger environmental initiatives must be taken.

By approving OPIRG's referendum question, SAC has given the go-ahead for students to have an opportunity to vote for implementing the necessary changes to U of T operations as outlined in the Green Master Plan. This Plan is a comprehensive audit of U of T's environment impact and provides 48 recommendations for change in: energy conservation, food issues, the three R's, toxic and hazardous substances and the Lug-a-Mug campaign. These 48 recommendations will be listed at each ballot box for reference when voting.

The following is a condensation of the U of T Green Master Plan, designed to change both environmental practices and attitudes. The full Plan is not reprinted for reasons of space. If you would like to see the full Plan, contact OPIRG or UTEC for details.

Reduction and Reuse:

Excess consumption leads to many serious problems such as the loss of non-renewable resources, overflowing land-fill sites and global warming. The gravity and reality of these problems is well known. Thus reduction, the first R, is the preferred waste control option as it creates no contamination and preserves resources. Reduction can be achieved in the following ways:

- Office paper use should be drastically reduced; provide multi-use envelopes for campus mail; reuse regular envelopes; allow backs of used paper to be made into note pads.
- Upgrade campus photocopyers to include duplexers, which allow for two-sided copying.
- Circulation numbers of campus publications should be reviewed and reduced if production exceeds demand.
- Food services should use durable and refillable containers, eventually discontinuing the use of disposables.
- Until composting begins, food wastes should be supplied to licensed swill operators.
- Water-efficient appliances should be installed across campus. These would include low-flush toilets and water-efficient faucets and shower-heads.
- A Swap Shop should be re-established on campus. Each year, a large quantity of used campus furniture and supplies are discarded, ending up in land-fill sites. Space should be set aside to provide a Swap Shop, a place to buy, trade or pick up used items. Any items not sold or taken should be given to Goodwill or the Salvation Army.
- Cycling, walking, shuttle buses, car pooling and city transit should be actively encouraged. The U of T should raise parking fees to the price of a TTC Metropass to encourage the use of public transportation, and should lobby the TTC for reduced rates for university students.
- Cars should be restricted from St George Street, Huron Street, Willcocks Street and Devonshire Place to benefit and encourage bikers and walkers. The number of bicycle racks should be increased.
- The University's own automobile use and purchasing practices should be scrutinized and revised to reflect environmental concerns.

Recycling:

The last few decades have seen a rapid increase in the amount of garbage generated in Canada. U of T must reduce the amount of garbage it produces. One method of waste reduction is recycling, which slows the rate at which resource depletion occurs. It also decreases the rate at which solid wastes accumulate. Recycling new products from secondary wastes uses less energy than production from virgin resources and causes far less air and water pollution. The suggestions for recycling are as follows:

- Integrate all current recycling efforts into a single, centralized recycling program.
- Expand the fine paper recycling program with Domtar packaging to include coloured paper. Separate bins should be provided to keep the white and coloured paper apart.
- Lobby the City of Toronto to initiate a campus-wide recycling program for newspapers, cans, bottles and plastics. The U of T should be provided with Blue boxes and large recycling receptacles such as Totter bins. Since U of T has over 60,000 staff and students, it should be considered a community within Toronto, and as such be serviced by the municipal government, as apartment complexes are.
- Composting on the Scarborough and Etobicoke campuses should begin immediately. The resulting compost should then be used as fertilizer on gardens and lawns around campus.
- There should be markets provided for recycled products through U of T purchasing practices. All U of T photo-copiers should be using 100% post-consumer, recycled, unbleached paper.
- U of T publications should be printed on 100% post-consumer, recycled, unbleached paper and campus newspapers should be required to use at least 50% recycled newsprint within two years.
- Wooden crates should replace cardboard boxes wherever possible.

Hazardous and Toxic Substances: The use of natural and synthetic chemicals has provided us with countless benefits. We must, however, remain cautious when dealing with many of these potentially hazardous substances as they often have negative effects upon both human life and the environment in general. A survey conducted by OPIRG/UTEC of first-year chemistry students at U of T indicated that regulations governing use of chemicals are usually well taught but not thoroughly adhered to. Some recommendations:

- Ensure that the Workplace Hazardous Materials Information System (WHMIS) regulations are fully explained and enforced. Drains and ventilation systems on campus should be redirected so that hazardous wastes are treated before being directed into the regular disposal system.
- The use of hazardous or toxic materials must be reviewed to minimize risks posed by these substances. The number of experiments involving hazardous materials could be reduced through group, rather than individual, study units.
- A chemical exchange program for professors and departments should be established rather than the continual disposal of "used" chemicals. A purity control and dispensing centre should be established as the program's core.
- The replacement of the usual poisonous cleansers used on campus with safer alternatives should be effected immediately. The U of T should alter its present purchasing practices to include companies who supply non-hazardous cleansers.
- Artificial pesticides and fertilizers should be eliminated from campus. The U of T should adopt alternative gardening methods, including composting.

The recommendations of the newly formed Asbestos Committee should be incorporated into the University's plans.

Energy Conservation:

Since the industrial revolution, coal, oil and gas have been the main sources of fuel for the generation of power. Scientists have now linked CO2 emissions from the burning of fossil fuels to a dangerous trend towards global warming. Other elements of environmental degradation and human health risk have also been associated with fossil fuel extraction and use.

Scientists are seriously searching for other fuel sources. Soft energy paths such as wind, solar and tidal power and biomass all have great potential. But their feasibility is restricted by climate and other geographical considerations, and they have suffered from a lack of research funds from government and private industry.

As a result, Canada and other countries have turned to nuclear power as an alternative to fossil fuels. Nuclear power does not produce greenhouse gases or acid rain, but it is by no means a solution to our growing energy predicament. Aside from the exorbitant capital and development costs and the short life span of plants and generators, nuclear power presents us with the problems of waste management, arms control and nuclear disaster. Nuclear power is Ontario's principal power source.

As a responsible community, the University must aim to reduce its energy demands. By doing so we can make a significant contribution to ensuring that no new nuclear plants are built. The best option, less expensive than any new energy source and guaranteed to have no negative environmental repercussions is increased energy efficiency. The following are some recommendations:

- Extend or eliminate the five-year payback policy, which states that if a project does not pay for itself in five years, it will not be adopted. It is imperative that decisions be made with environmental rather than economic considerations in the forefront. This policy has prevented the purchase of a swimming pool cover in the Athletic Centre.
- Award the U of T Utilities branch of Facilities and Services an ongoing energy fund to ensure repair and maintenance of equipment. The fund would allow for the upkeep and installation of energy efficiency projects.
- Integrate energy options into the University's plans for future development. When costs rise during the construction of the new Earth Sciences Complex, energy efficiency measures were dropped when they should be a top priority.
- Install a cogeneration system of energy production on the downtown campus. Cogeneration is a system that captures waste heat from primary natural gas generation, turns it into steam, and then uses it for secondary generation of energy. This system reduces the required use of other primary gas burning generators and uses the 1,200°F thermal emissions for power that would otherwise be released into the air as thermal pollution.
- Endorse residential quick-fix plans at all eight colleges. Simple things like looking for cracks near windows, regulating heat with individual thermostats and turning lights and stereos off when not in use will add up to savings.
- Install compact fluorescents in all the residence rooms campus wide. This would lead to a significant reduction in the energy bills of the colleges. Ontario Hydro offers various incentives for changes in lighting design.
- Install low energy exit signs, replace pot lighting with compact fluorescents, and continually check

on the physical condition of buildings on campus.

-Extend energy efficiency courses to the faculties of Engineering and Architecture to stress the importance of choosing sound energy options.

Food Issues:

At one time, food was valued primarily for its nutritional benefits. Today, it is valued more as a commodity within the market place. This shift has resulted in changes within the food industry. These changes include increases in unnecessary packaging, convenience foods, additives, pesticides and farming practices which favour the manipulation rather than the preservation of the environment. The exploitation of workers and animals has also become a prominent feature of the contemporary food system.

It is now more important than ever that people choose products that are most beneficial to the social, political and ecological health of their community and the community where production takes place. Viable alternatives to contemporary agricultural practices and alternatives to common buying practices do exist. These are some suggestions:

- U of T should ensure the purchase of organic foods to avoid appearance enhancement additives and synthetic chemical pesticides now commonly used in food production and selling.
- If U of T does not purchase organic produce, it should ensure that all cafeterias wash all produce in water with a mild, non-hazardous detergent and peel the produce when feasible. This will reduce the pesticide residues left on foods and remove the wax (this can only be done by peeling) where it is used.
- Research and testing of synthetic chemical residues in food and their health effects on individuals and the environment should be part of the University curriculum in relevant courses.
- A Code of Ethics and Practices should be established at U of T. This Code would set guidelines and regulations to ensure that food services and individuals be environmentally and socially responsible in their consumer choices. For example, the University should only purchase products that are produced and imported by companies that assure the health and prosperity of their workers.
- The University should not purchase products from companies that use chemicals or practices in food development that have been banned in Canada.
- It should be ensured that cafeterias do not use synthetic

chemical preservatives or chemical food additives themselves.

Mug Campaign:

OPIRG and UTEC launched a Lug-A-Mug campaign last winter based on the principle of individual responsibility. People could personally contribute to the reduction of waste on campus by carrying a durable mug to use instead of styrofoam or paper cups.

Before starting the campaign, UTEC and OPIRG conducted a survey of the campus cafeterias which revealed that over 12,000 disposable cups were being used daily. These cups are not only a frivolous waste of non-renewable resources but are also contributors to pollution and to waste management problems. The approximately 1,600 mugs sold last year saved an estimated 26,000 disposable cups in as little as three months. Here are a few more recommendations:

- Endorse the mug campaign through the passage of a resolution in favour of it. If the Governing Council publicly supports the campaign, students and faculty will understand that the administration supports a healthy environment.
- Set an example by using durable mugs everywhere on campus.
- Declare Simcoe all a disposable-free zone and encourage individual faculties and departments to do the same. A stock of durable mugs should be made available for visitors and for use at meetings.
- Finally, the University should ensure the elimination of disposables on campus within five years.

The Green Master Plan for the University of Toronto explores how we at the University are degrading our environment and that of future generations. But most importantly, it is a plan for action. This article and the whole Plan have offered many recommendations to improve the situation on campus. All are achievable. It should be stressed, though, that what has been recommended here will merely begin the much-needed process of change. Ongoing environmental concern must be maintained and actively encouraged if we are to make a difference.

The Green Master Plan is the result of months of research into present practices at the U of T. Further references, research, background study papers on each specific section and recommendations in greater detail are available from OPIRG and UTEC.

Remember to consider the Green Plan on your election ballot on March 13th and 14th.

To Make The Most Of Life

You know there's nothing left inside you -
You're a hollow empty shell,
But you haven't got the guts to simply quit!
Hanging by your finger nails
The drop below's to Hell!
And the vultures on the ledge above - just sit.

It's no wonder that you cry out
For the hand of any friend,
To save you from the horrors of the pit.
But no one heeds your feeble cry,
There's no hand that is to lend
For frankly, no one gives a bloody shit!

And so you keep on sinking
In the mess that's all around,
And your body feels about to fall apart.
You wish the hell it was over
Or that you'd find some firmer ground,
Where you'd have a chance to make another start.

The only thought that saves you
As the daylight slips away.
While you vainly try to hold the fading light.
Is that life's just another play
That's acted day by day
And the final scene you still have yet to write

John Lash

Green Futures

Jackie Gilhooley

When you think about "environmental careers", what first jumps into your head? Do you picture yourself peering down a microscope in a toxicology lab? Or roaring across the African Savannah in a jeep, mapping wildebeest grazing trails? Maybe you see yourself pounding a gavel, chairing a U.N. Global Warming Report in Prague? Or sitting in an office at the Ministry of the Environment, wielding your "approved" and "rejected" stamps on applications to emit pollutants?

There have been many predictions lately regarding the environmental job market: Everyone from Glamour magazine to career counsellors at the Koffler Centre have been saying that the market will be wide open, with ample opportunity in every imaginable aspect of environment related work. Naturally, all of the possibilities above are perfectly fine and feasible choices.

Isn't it funny that the more obvious something is, the harder it is to see? Many of us think about environmental careers and imagine only directly applicable work. Yet we constantly hear about the delicate balance of nature and the amazing interconnectedness of all things ecological. Do we ever consider that every thing human is interconnected too?

We are a species too, having evolved on this planet with everything else. We are a part of nature and so, therefore, is everything that we do. Nobody thinks that beaver dams, beehives or ant hills are not part of nature because beavers, bees or ants built them. So why do we think that cities, computers or oil wells are "unnatural" just because we built them? Sure, a city doesn't "build itself", but neither does a beaver dam. If you can build this, then you can accept that the distinction between humanity and nature is false. Fallacious. Erroneous. Etc.

Consider, then, that as an integral part of natural systems, all our activities, including technology, commerce, culture and development are interrelated, not among all the other natural processes on the planet.

The apparent separation of "us" and "nature" comes from the remarkable speed of change we are capable of. We move too quickly for other creatures and systems to catch up. Every process results in a product. Some products are waste -- but waste is only something that no other creature can use. If processes change slowly enough, other processes will develop simultaneously which would utilize

the "wastes" of the first. This is why animal droppings act to fertilize soil.

Our technology is not the first thing in Earth's history to change too quickly for other creatures. Other processes have changed at accelerated rates, leaving other organisms behind. Why else would dinosaurs be extinct?

We are, even now, behaving in a perfectly natural way. We could just carry on; the earth, I'm sure, would pull through just fine. As soon as we put too much stress on the systems that exist now, we would become extinct. Maybe most of the other organisms we know of would become extinct with us, but a natural system would still continue to exist, and new things would evolve, eventually, to fill up the empty spaces. It would just be a different set-up, after we are gone. Perhaps, if we changed it enough, the resulting natural system would not be one capable of supporting life like us, so we may never be able to make a come-back. But as they say, "life goes on".

And "life" probably will go on, even if it turns out to be not as we currently understand it.

The "environmental crisis" then is that we realize that we are changing the environment too much. Too much for what? For the earth? No. Too much for us to continue to exist.

We can predict what changes can possibly occur, but we aren't sure how fast they will happen and we don't know the point of no return. This is why we are worried. All this stuff about "environment-friendly lifestyles" is really about trying to slow down the rate at which we are changing things, to make sure we don't "progress" ourselves right out of the cosmos Which brings me back to environmental careers.

Because everything is interconnected, all the scientists and activists and green politicians in the world will not be enough to stop the changes our current impact is causing. If all the elements of our society continue to go on like nothing dangerous is happening, we'll have one of those unmovable-object-meets-irresistable-force kind of situations.

And so (here comes the point, everybody): We must consider ALL careers to be environmental careers. We must stop falsely distinguishing between ourselves and nature, and between environmental and other careers. Social work, policing, accounting, sales, teaching, dancing, retailing, all have within them the potential for the incorporation of environmental ideas and methods. I suppose we ought to be thinking about what careers we should intentionally exterminate in the preservation of our species.

In One Moment

Sitting before me,
her auburn hair rests languidly
as if in repose, draped
upon her fair form.
Suddenly, it unravels,
broken from the stem,
unleashing a sensual thrash, a tangled mass
of strands burning of passionate fire.

Motionless, photographic,
the long strands on her fair,
slender neck.
Photographic, its arch,
flowing with life, quietly stealing,
the fluorescent lights gently
caressing, kissing her skin
with a stoic passion - restless, unswerving.

Revealed,
the sensual curve,
its glowing shine echoed
in locks of auburn
composed
like a goddess.

Toshiya Kuwabara

Compost Heap

Environment-Friendly Tips, Events and Activities
In Which YOU can participate!

GREEN UP YOUR LAUNDRY:

A non-toxic, fully biodegradable laundry detergent is now available: It's called ECOVER. It contains no chlorine, no enzymes, no phosphates, no chemical whiteners or brighteners and no petroleum-based detergents. "Well, gosh", you may think, "What does it have?" Vegetable-based surfactants (dirt looseners), plus natural mineral-based salts to soften the water and wood/cotton colloids to prevent your clothes from reabsorbing the dirt. I tried it, and it works as well as my Tide!

The product is endorsed by Friends of the Earth. A six-kilogram box can be purchased at Loblaw's for \$10.01 plus G.S.T. The box is made with a handle, so you won't need a grocery bag.

****TIP:** The ECOVER company makes a whole range of safe, environment-friendly cleaning products, including dish-washing liquid. If your grocery store doesn't stock these products, **COMPLAIN LOUDLY!** Talk to the store manager. Your actions may increase the availability of these kinds of products. Ask for Green products where ever you shop.

PEACE ON EARTH:

You don't need us to tell you that war is bad for the environment. If you believe that saving humanity is "part and parcel" of saving the earth, you may want to get involved in the following anti-war events:

Sunday, March 3rd: All Day Teach-In at Bickford Park Collegiate, 777 Bloor Street West.
-- There will be guest speakers and workshops on every aspect of the Persian Gulf War, including its effect on the environment.

-- For more info: Contact the Toronto Disarmament Network, at 535-8005.

Friday, March 8th: Women's Day of Action -- protest at Litton Corporation.

-- This event is sponsored by the Alliance for Non-Violent Action.

-- For more info: Call 461-2274.

Saturday, March 16: Special Benefit Anti-War Concert at Convocation Hall

-- Entertainment is TBA -- Call the Toronto Disarmament Network at 535-8005 for details.

TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER THE 60'S? TOO OLD TO FORGET?

Discover (or rediscover) the activism of the Aquarian Age by attending the Canadian Premiere of *Berkeley in the Sixties*, a benefit screening.

-- The film will be at the Bloor Cinema, Thursday February 28th, at 8 pm. The cost is \$9 with student ID and \$12 for all others.

-- This event is jointly sponsored by Greenpeace and the Toronto Disarmament Network.

-- Tickets are available at the door or from TDN at 555 Bloor Street West, or call 535-8005.

EARTH DAY, APRIL 22, 1991

That's right -- we can't be stopped and we're doing it again. April 22, 1991 will be the 21st anniversary of the first Earth Day. If you'd like to do something special, how about being a **WILDERNESS CRUSADER?** The World Wildlife Fund is sponsoring the Wilderness Crusader Programme to save Canada's endangered species. By collecting pledges to sponsor an "a-thon" of your choice, you can help raise funds to protect our fast-disappearing wildspace and special ecological regions.

-- You can do almost anything: Hike, bike, canoe, climb rocks, knit, dance, go bird-watching, build snowmen -- it's up to you. Any hobby or activity you enjoy can be turned into a Wilderness Crusade for Earth Day weekend (April 20 and 21).

-- If you would like to get involved, call up U of T grad Kim Bilous at the World Wildlife Fund at 489-8800. "Crusader Kits" to help you plan your crusade are available by calling that number or writing to: WWF, 90 Eglinton Ave East #504, Toronto, Ont, M4P 2Z7 (enclose \$3 for your kit).

IF YOU HAVE ANY ENVIRONMENT-FRIENDLY TIPS you'd like to share with us, or "green" events you'd like to announce, write us at the Herald, room 305 in Innis College.

U. OF T.
**RECYCLES
PAPER**



**DO
YOU ?**

Innis Update

PARTY! PARTY! PARTY!

The Orientation Committee will soon be formed. For more details, please come to the ICSS office.

GET INVOLVED!

The ICSS elections will be in March. Dates will be posted on the ICSS board in the front hall, and further info will be available in the ICSS office.

WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU! Put your ideas, thoughts, suggestions, ramblings, etc., into the suggestion box on the ICSS door (room 116). If we don't get any feedback, it is difficult to make things better!

CAN YOU SING? WHISTLE?

Can you breathe? Or do you like to just watch, laugh and have fun? Innis's Annual Coffee House (talent night) is rapidly approaching. Please keep an eye out for the audition announcement posted on the ICSS blackboard, and *get involved!*

Our Hitler, a Film from Germany

The Art Gallery of Ontario and the Innis Film Society present Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's **Our Hitler**, a Film from Germany (1977, 429 min., col., 35mm)

Tickets are \$10 and may be purchased beginning March 5 at the Film Department of the Art Gallery of Ontario, Tuesday through Friday, 11 am to 4:30 pm, or by telephone with major credit cards. Remaining tickets will be sold one hour before screening.

The Art Gallery of Ontario is located at 317 Dundas Street West. Entrance to The Jackman Hall is through the McCaul Street doors.

For further information, please call 977-0414, ext. 260.

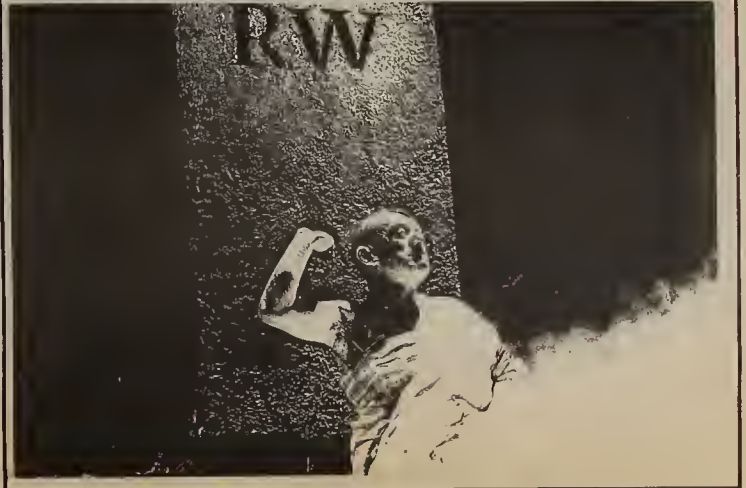
A seven-hour film cycle
Saturday, March 23

12-4 pm
Part One: **The Grail**
Part Two: **A German Dream**



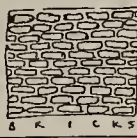



4-6 pm
dinner break

6-9 pm
Part Three: **The End of Winter's Tale**
Part Four: **We Children of Hell**

The AGO is generously funded by the Ontario Ministry of Culture and Communications. The Innis Film Society receives some of its funding from the Ontario Arts Council and the Toronto Arts Council.



MARCH: CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
 PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST AND EXHIBITION - all month long	Innis Formal Ticket Sales				1 Deadline for writing Server training test	2 INNIS FORMAL! \$12.00 Innis Students \$20.00 Guests and Alumni
3	4	5 	6	7 INNIS FILM SOCIETY: Jack Chambers' Hart of London TOWN HALL 7 pm - \$3.	8  BRICKS	9
10  TEA	11	12 NEXT DEADLINE FOR INNIS HERALD SUBMISSIONS.	13 SAC ELECTIONS OPRG & UTEC Referendum	14 SAC ELECTIONS 7 pm: Stan Brakhage in Person with recent Films - TOWN HALL	15 CINSSU Party 4 pm - TBA COFFEE HOUSE! (Talent Night) Innis Pub.	16 CINSSU: Mon Oncle Antoine & un Zoo La Nuit! TOWN HALL 7 pm - Free
17 ST. PATRICK'S DAY	18	19	20	21 INNIS FILM SOCIETY: Films by Meredith Monk TOWN HALL 7 pm - \$3.	22 ATHLETIC BANQUET & PUB	23 
24 PALM SUNDAY Easter Sunday	25	26 	27	28 CINEMATHEQUE ONTARIO & INNIS FILM SOCIETY: The Trance Film TOWN HALL 7 pm	29 GOOD FRIDAY	30 PASSOVER
31						



INNIS FILM SOCIETY WINTER/SPRING 1991

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28

Fresh Angels (Bruce Elder).
Elder will be present to introduce the film and answer questions.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2

Newton and Me (Bruce Elder).
Elder will be present to introduce the film and answer questions.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7

Hart of London (Jack Chambers).

THURSDAY, MARCH 14

New Cinema with New Music Concerts:
Stan Brakhage in Person with Recent Films:
Babylon Series #1; Babylon Series #2; Riddle of Luren; Passage Through: A Meditation.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15

The Art Gallery of Ontario and the Innis Film Society present:
Stan Brakhage in Person with Recent Films:
Vision in Meditation #1; Vision in Meditation #2; Mesa Verde; Vision in Meditation #3; Plato's Cave; Vision in Meditation #4; D.H. Lawrence; Babylon Series #3.

It is advisable to order tickets in advance. For more information, please call 979 6608.

Location: Jackman Hall, Art Gallery of Ontario, 317 Dundas Street West.

MARCH 21

New Cinema with New Music Concerts:
Films by Meredith Monk:
Book of Days; Ellis Island.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23

The Art Gallery of Ontario and the Innis Film Society present:
Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's Our Hitler, a Film from Germany. A Seven Hour Film Cycle.

Location: Jackman Hall, Art Gallery of Ontario, 317 Dundas Street West. Admission: \$10.00.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28

Cinemathèque Ontario and the Innis Film Society present:
The Trance Film:
Fireworks (Angier); The Way to Shadow Garden (Brakhage); Fragment of Seeing (Hamington); Dreamwood (Broughton); Ritual in Transfigured Time (Deren). Admission: \$3.00; \$4.00 for Cinemathèque members; free for Innis Film Society members.

Screenings take place at 7:00pm in the Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Avenue (at St. George) unless otherwise noted.

Admission to the films is \$3.00 unless otherwise noted.

A subscription to the whole series (January 10 through March 28) may be purchased for \$20.00. This subscription does not allow free admission to the Art Gallery of Ontario screenings.

For more information, please call 978 7790.

1990 1991 SERIES OF DISTINGUISHED SPEAKERS

HEMA GOONATILAKE

Sociologist, Sri Lanka
Wilson Hall Lounge
Monday 4 March 7pm



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Essays giving you a headache?

Take two aspirin and
call us in the morning.

978-4871 Innis Writing Lab

KRÔS'WÜRD'

ACROSS

1. FIRST THING CREATED
6. EVERYBODY HAVE FUN TONIGHT
EVERYBODY _____ TONIGHT
11. INSTEAD, OTHERWISE
12. MEL'S WAITRESS
15. FIFTY-FIVE, TO AUGUSTUS
16. FAITHFUL
17. INQUIRING FOR A LOCATION?
21. TAKE OFF, ____?
22. FIFTY-ONE TO CAESAR
23. NOT LETTER QUALITY
24. ROD OR DAVE
28. TK TAC TOE TEAMS
31. SHAKY
34. PARRET EN ANGLAIS
36. "MY THEORY" BY ANN ____
(NOT AN ____)
39. C.W. STAR'S MONOGRAM
40. K.D.'S DEAD MENTOR
41. ____ SKYE
42. BATHROOM IN LONDON
43. HIDE & YE SHALL FIND
45. FURRY Fucker FROM ENDOR
47. IF YOU TAKE THIS ROAD, I'LL
GET TO SCOTLAND BEFORE YE
48. ATTEMPTED
50. ZERO
51. ONTARIO ABBR. AWHILE AGO

52. CELLOIST SEEN WALKING
THE DOG
53. HEARST'S FIRST 2 INITIALS
55. "TRESPASSERS W-" OWNER
58. AUNT MARY IN MADRID
61. PLEDGE
62. FIRST (ANAGRAM)
64. SHE LOST HER SHEEP
65. UDDERLY PRECIFYING ACTIVITY

DOWN

1. WHERE HITLER WENT AND
BUSH IS GOING
2. A KING
3. LIKE
4. LYNCH'S BLUE MOVIE
5. OPPOSITE OF AYE
6. KENTUCKY BOURBON
7. ____ DC
8. "EYE OF ____"
9. ROBERT WAGNER WAS ONE
10. ____ CUFF!
13. IT FOLLOWS SO
14. EXCLAMATION
18. ABORTION DR.'S MONOGRAM
19. SET OF CERAMIC POTS
20. TYPE OF DECAY
21. WHO WE'RE REALLY FIGHTING
THE GULF WAR FOR
25. SALAMI W. WARSAW

26. IT CARRIES BLOOD
27. IRONSIDE'S MONOGRAM
29. PLACIDO'S PLEASURE
30. COWARDLY
32. ____ AND BEHOLD
33. WHAT NEEDS TO BE LOST BEFORE
34. OPEN FOR 19 DOWN
35. PUFF A JOINT
37. ON THE DOLLAR
38. TO BEHAVE OBSESSIVELY
44. THE MIDDLE VOWELS
46. EVIL WICKLY IN "TREMORS"
49. A DEER
56. US
57. HOME FOR RATS?
58. BOOB
59. IF AND ONLY IF (ABBR.)
60. CONJUNCTION
62. SUB PROFESSORIAL SPECIES
63. HITLER'S GOONS.

